TWIN TRAVELERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

MARY H. WADE

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"COCKING HIS HEAD HE CALLED, 'LUCY, LUCY—GOO-O-D GIRL! GOO-D GIRL!'"

—*Page 32.*

TWIN TRAVELERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY

MARY H. WADE

Author of "The Little Cousin Series," "Light-Bringers," "Pilgrims of Today," etc.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR AND TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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PART I

THE WONDERS OF BRAZIL

TWIN TRAVELERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

CHAPTER I

GREAT NEWS

"IT'S impossible!" cried the twins' mother.

"Not in the least, my dear." Their father laughed as he spoke.

"To begin with, it costs so much money to live in Brazil." Mrs. Grayson looked worried.

"But if money can be made twice—many times as fast as at home, what difference does that make?" Again her husband laughed.

"And the twins! How can they get an education down there in South America? Such good schools as we have here, and they are doing so well in their studies—twelve years old and in the seventh grade! It's ridiculous, John. There!"

"Now look here, little wife, Joe and Lucy can have a good governess as soon as we get settled in Rio. Moreover, they'll have a chance to see something of this big wonderful world of ours. Travel is the best educator possible. Besides, I have an op-

portunity that should not be thrown away. It's a chance in a life-time."

And then came a hurrying and scurrying up the stairs, the door flew open, and in burst the twins, out of breath, with eyes sparkling and cheeks rosy with the race as to who should get there first.

"Look!" cried Joe, holding out his school report. "Good marks in everything—that is, except conduct." The boy's eyes danced. They always danced, for that matter; so, why should a failure to be perfect in behavior under a teacher who, somehow or other, "rubbed him the wrong way," make them act contrary to rule?

"My report is good in everything except geography," said Lucy, getting her breath and a chance to speak at the same time. Her eyes were blue like Joe's, but they did not dance. This was made up for, however, by a dimple in each cheek—a deep one—that insisted on being noticed with every smile of their little owner.

"I wish these reports could have been perfect." Mr. Grayson tried to look solemn. "They may be the last ones you will ever receive in the United States."

"What!" cried Joe; and "Why!" exclaimed Lucy in the same breath. Then they looked at their mother, who was half laughing, half crying.

"A big ship sails out of New York harbor next week, on the second day of October, at two o'clock in the afternoon." Their father spoke very slowly. "This ship," he continued, "takes passengers to

Rio de Janeiro, the capital city of the Republic of Brazil, which is the largest country in South America."

"And—and—are we going in that ship?" burst out Joe.

"If your mother is willing. And when we get to Rio—for that is the way nearly every one speaks of the city—we will stay there for some time, while I am busy exporting coffee to people in this country."

"Oh-h!" Joe danced with glee.

"Mummie dear, please say yes!" Lucy's arms were by this time clasped so tightly around her mother's neck, that the dear lady was scarcely able to speak.

"Would you like to leave Grandmother and Aunt Nell, and your cousins?" The tone of Mrs. Grayson's voice was somewhat reproachful.

"Oh, we'll write long letters and tell them about the parrots and monkeys," Joe answered promptly. Brazil stood in his mind mainly for parrots and monkeys.

"We can send back beautiful parrots for Christmas presents," added Lucy thoughtfully. "Besides, we'll come back again by and by, and tell everybody about what we've seen."

"If we go," continued Mr. Grayson, "it must be on next week's steamer. As to the business offer, it is a matter of 'now or never.' Shall I take advantage of this chance to make a fortune, or shall we

go on in the same old way wondering if, by and by, there will be money enough to send the children to college?"

Mrs. Grayson looked up at her husband with clear, understanding eyes. Her doubts were flying away like robins in the autumn.

"Now or never, little wife. It rests with you; you know I would not go away and leave you and the kiddies behind for all the fortunes in the world."

That settled it. For the next few days there was a tremendous bustle of preparation in the Grayson household. Grandma Stephens came over to help; so did Aunt Nell; so did Uncle Ben as soon as night came and he could leave his office.

At the time of parting, Joe and Lucy looked serious for a moment—just a moment. But the next instant everything else was forgotten in the joys ahead of them—a long, long voyage on the wonderful ocean, and then, strange sights, strange people, strange sounds, strange and delicious fruits and dainties! Why, it seemed almost too lovely to be true.

"It will be nearly as nice as Aladdin's experiences in the magic cave," declared Joe.

Almost before one could say "Jack Robinson," the Graysons were aboard the steamer; Grandma Stephens, and Uncle Joe, and Aunt Nell, and the cousins were waving good-by from the shore; Mrs. Grayson was choking back a sob, and Lucy trying to hide a few tears, while Joe and his father shouted

their good-bys as the ship put off, as cheerily as if they were only leaving for a day's picnic.

"Look at the sunny side always," Mr. Grayson had told his son. "That's the best way."

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST LANDING

"LOOK quick, Theresa!"

Lucy's voice was excited. She was speaking to a little Portuguese girl with olive skin and glossy black hair. The twins had got acquainted with her on the first day of the voyage. She and Lucy were now leaning against the deck rail and peering down into the clear water below.

"That must be a dolphin. Isn't it graceful?" continued Lucy.

Theresa nodded her head. "And so—pretty," she said slowly. She was a timid little creature, only a year younger than Lucy, but quite a deal smaller. She was very pretty, but her black eyes often had a sad expression.

"When they are like that I guess Theresa is thinking of her dead mother," Lucy had told Joe that morning.

"Theresa's father told Daddie all about it," replied Joe, "and Daddie told me. Senhor Vasco is a diamond merchant. A few months ago he had to go to New York on business. His wife and Theresa went with him. Theresa's brother stayed at home in Rio with his grandmother. Well, Senhora Vasco

was taken dreadfully sick, and died up there among strangers. So now her husband and Theresa are coming back alone."

"I'm going to be just as good to Theresa as I know how," declared Lucy, and she started off to look for the little girl whom she had seen down on the lower deck a short time before. And now the two, hand in hand, were watching for dolphins and flying fish in the warm southern waters.

"There's another, and another!" cried Lucy, soon after spying the first dolphin.

"But the flying fish—pretty soon they come too—I love them." English did not come easily to Theresa's tongue, and she had to hunt about in her mind for the right words.

Just then Joe appeared.

"I've been having lots of fun," he shouted as he drew near. "I was in the pilot house taking a lesson in steering the ship. And what do you think! The Captain says that any time now we may sight a blow."

"A blow!" said Lucy. She did not understand.

"A blow is a whale, you precious little goose. And, say! There is a sure-enough one now, over to the east." Joe was so excited that he jumped up and down.

Afar off, almost as far as the children's eyes could see, was what appeared like a fountain bursting up from the surface of the water.

"Oh-h, now I see why you call a whale a 'blow,'" said Lucy.

"The next thing to look out for is the equator," said Joe, dancing about on one foot.

"Daddie says we can't see it when we get there." Lucy's voice was full of disappointment.

"And here it is," said some one behind her. Senhor Vasco had come up unawares.

"Oh-h!" cried the twins. And then from Joe, gloomily, "Not a single thing different."

"Not with the sea, my lad," said Senhor Vasco pleasantly. "But with the coming of evening you will think of the change that has been taking place as we drew near the equator. There is no slow turning of day into night in this part of the world. The sun goes out of sight as suddenly as a ball falls to the ground. Then darkness, and almost at once the sky seems alive with the brightness of countless stars."

The little travelers had not begun to tire of life on shipboard when they neared the first port. It was Recife, or Pernambuco as it is commonly called, on the east coast of Brazil. Many vessels were now in sight.

"What a queer looking rig ahead of us!" exclaimed Joe. He was standing in the bow of the steamer with his father and Senhor Vasco.

"It is made of logs like a raft," the boy went on, "but it has a big sail."

"It is a fishing raft, clumsy enough, but so safe that its owner may venture in it a hundred miles from shore," explained Senhor Vasco.

"Father"—Joe changed the subject suddenly—

"haven't we passed the mouth of the Amazon by this time?"

"Certainly. It was after we crossed the equator, but we were too far from shore to see it."

"Disappointment number two," said Joe gloomily. "It's a shame that we should have been so near the biggest river in the world and not get even a peek at it."

"Don't fret, Joe," comforted Senhor Vasco. "There is plenty of time ahead of you to visit the Amazon while you are living in Brazil."

The steamer was already altering its course to enter the harbor of Recife, which was shut in by a narrow rocky ridge reaching far out into the ocean. Along the top of this ridge stretched a stone wall high enough to break the waves during even the worst storms.

"Recife means reef. It is a good name for the city," remarked Senhor Vasco.

"The ship has stopped rolling," said Joe, half to himself. "It is as calm as a duck-pond since we entered the harbor; yet the water looks as if it were very deep."

"That must be why Recife is one of the most important ports of Brazil," said Mr. Grayson.

The steamer was fast nearing a big stone wharf. Mrs. Grayson, with Lucy and Theresa, came up on deck, ready for a few hours' sight-seeing on shore. As Senhor Vasco had business to attend to in the city, Theresa was to go about with her new friends.

And now the sailors on board were busy casting

ropes to other men on the pier. A moment afterward the gangplank was thrown out, and the passengers began to make their way ashore to find themselves in the midst of ox-carts and queer-looking wagons laden with sugar, cotton, and hides; horses and mules also heavily laden; and negroes with backs bent under their burdens. Workmen on the pier were busy removing the loads and hoisting them on board ships to be carried to other lands. All was noise and bustle.

"The people jabber like monkeys. I can't understand a word," said Joe impatiently.

"Most of them speak Portuguese," explained his father. "When you have been in Brazil a few months you can take part in the jabber yourself."

Theresa had understood enough of what Joe said to smile. She was thinking of her stay in New York. "It is there that people jabber," she said to herself.

"How hot the sun is!" panted Mrs. Grayson, as the little party stood waiting for a carriage in which they could drive around the city. All felt quite comfortable, however, as soon as they began to move fast through the city streets.

Theresa's face was now full of smiles. The twins wondered. They had never seen her look so happy before.

"Why do you keep smiling?" Joe asked at last.

"I am glad to be again in my own country," the little girl said slowly. "Brazil—it is beautiful everywhere."

As Theresa spoke, the carriage was crossing a bridge over an inlet from the sea. Tall palm-trees lined the road beyond; the broad leaves were waving in the breeze as if to welcome the travelers.

"What a pretty park we rode through a while ago!" said Lucy. "It was so shady there under the palms that I longed to get out and examine some of the strange plants about us."

"It seems queer to see so many black people on the streets," remarked Joe, in a low tone, fearing the negro driver might understand the words. "Why, some of them are dressed like rich ladies and gentlemen."

"I am told that many of the negroes in this city have made fortunes in sugar," explained his father. "More of it is raised in this state than in any other in Brazil."

"This *state?*" asked Joe.

"Why, yes. Brazil is a republic, and is divided into states like our own country."

"And Brazil has a president, too," chimed in Theresa, who had been listening closely.

The carriage had now left the newer part of the city with its fine avenues and was headed for the wharves, near which the streets were ugly and narrow.

"This is where the first-comers must have lived," said Mrs. Grayson thoughtfully. "Think, children. The Portuguese settled here nearly one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth."

"Whew!" exclaimed Joe. "If it is as old as that, the place has a right to look queer and dirty."

"Oh, oh!" broke in Theresa. "See!"

The little girl motioned toward an odd-looking procession on the way to market. At the head was a man on horseback. His bare legs were astride two immense bags full of cotton. Behind him on a mule rode his wife with a green parrot perched on her shoulder; it was chattering in a harsh voice. And back of these was a whole train of donkeys, each one laden with bags of cotton.

The children were "all eyes" as the procession drew near. When they discovered a monkey acting as driver of one of the mules, they laughed heartily.

"Look! That must be a chicken pedler ahead of us," said Mrs. Grayson a minute afterward. "He has to walk, for his donkey is loaded with crates full of fowls."

"They don't like being shut up, if squawking is any sign," said Joe. "But if they aren't careful they will get their necks caught in the lattice work as they stick them out."

In another half-hour the travelers had been landed at the pier, and boarded the ship, which was already getting up steam.

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

BAHIA IS A TWO STORIED CITY WITH STREET ELEVATORS

CHAPTER III

INTO THE BAY OF ALL SAINTS

A DAY'S run from Recife brought the ship into the beautiful Bay of San Salvador. In the long ago, when Amerigo Vespucci discovered this broad, safe harbor, he called it the Bay of All Saints, in honor of the day he entered it.

When still a half-mile from shore, the steamer came to a stand-still. Small boats now drew up beside it, and the dark-skinned owners sprang on board to dicker with the passengers about carrying them ashore to the city of Bahia.

"What fun!" Joe whispered to his sister, as they settled themselves with their parents, Senhor Vasco, and Theresa in one of these boats.

The strong strokes of the boatman brought them quickly to a landing-place, where the travelers could see little at first except a narrow strip of land on which the banking and shipping houses were packed close together; behind these rose straight high bluffs.

"How are we to get up there on the bluffs?" asked Joe.

"We can climb up one of the steep roadways." Senhor Vasco's eyes twinkled as he spoke. "Or we can go up in an elevator," he added after a pause.

There was a general sigh of relief at this.

As the family followed the other travelers on their way to the elevator the children's eyes were busy with what was going on around them. Negro workmen were landing cargoes, all of which had to be brought to shore in barges and small boats. Other negroes were carrying to the water's edge bags of tobacco and cotton, bales of goatskins and hides for return cargoes. Black women moved through the narrow streets carrying heavy loads on their heads; others sat at street corners barefooted, and with gay-colored turbans on their heads, selling fruits piled up on stands beside them.

"Ripe oranges that are *green!* Well, I never!" cried Joe, stopping a moment in front of one of the stands. "Besides all these other fruits I don't know the names of," he added.

The party now entered the elevator which quickly brought them to the cooler air of the heights above.

The twins were glad to see the governor's palace and the many beautiful churches and public buildings. But they were more interested in the strange trees on every hand, the bright colors of the houses, and the beautiful gardens.

"I guess I've seen houses of every color of the rainbow," declared Lucy, after a half-hour of sightseeing. "Let me see—over there is one of bright purple, and beside it is one painted green."

"While straight ahead is one of orange," continued Joe. "What funny taste the people have! I like it, though—in the shade of the tall palms the houses

look cheerful. No one here ought to have the blues."

"Oh-h! See that house! It's made of tiles—and what pretty iron lace-work over the windows and doors!" said Mrs. Grayson admiringly.

"Listen! I hear parrots talking; I'm sure of it!" cried Joe, stopping to listen. "I see them now—there are two under that tree; each one is fastened to a stand by a long chain. One is green with crimson tail-feathers and the other has a breast of rich purple."

"Look at that monkey!" broke in Theresa. She pointed in the direction of a shady path, in which a small dark-skinned boy was walking. The boy wore a white suit, and sandals on his otherwise bare feet.

"I have a dear monkey at home—so little," Theresa held out her hands about ten inches from each other. "He sleeps in my lap."

"Ugh!" cried Lucy, before she thought.

Theresa looked grieved. "Wait—you will see him. Then you will love him," she said softly.

"You certainly will," said Senhor Vasco. "It is an ouistiti monkey and is the prettiest pet of its kind in the world. It is found only here in Brazil."

Shortly afterward, the sightseers boarded a car to take a ride about the city.

"Bahia was once the capital and most important city of Brazil," explained Senhor Vasco. "But when coffee began to be raised farther south, Rio became the capital.

"Let us go back to the beginning," he continued. "As we whirl through these fine streets, let us think

of the wilderness here long ago when the brave Amerigo Vespucci, sailing under the flag of Portugal, entered this port. He is standing on the prow of his ship. 'It is the Day of All Saints,' he is saying to his men. 'In its honor I will call this the Bay of All Saints.' "

As Senhor Vasco went on talking, the children seemed to be with Vespucci and his men, exploring the coast south of Bahia. "They met wild Indians; they ate strange fruits; they had adventures with strange animals; and before heading their ships for Portugal, they loaded them with some of the products of the country. Chief of all was a dyewood to which they gave the name *pau brazil,* because it gave a color like coals of fire. Then away they sailed with a wonderful story to tell the King of Portugal."

"What did he say when he heard it?" broke in Joe.

Senhor Vasco smiled at the boy's interest.

"The King," he replied, "decided at once to send a goodly company to Brazil, for he named his new possessions after the strange dyewood. 'They shall build a strong city there,' he said, 'and shall send me back great riches.'

"Thus Bahia was settled. But troubles came. The rulers of other lands wished to possess the country. More than once the Dutch laid hold of it, but each time the Portuguese got it back into their own hands. Then came the slave trade. Ship after ship arrived in the harbor, bringing thousands of negroes from Africa to work the lands of the Portuguese

Photo by E. M. Newman

THERE ARE PLENTY OF PLAYMATES IN BAHIAN HOMES

planters. So many were there that, by the year 1800, more than half the people were slaves."

"Poor creatures!" sighed Lucy. Her face was so sad that no one looking at her for the first time could imagine that dimples were hidden away in her rosy cheeks.

"But that bad time is all over," said Senhor Vasco cheerily. "There has not been a slave in the country since the year 1888, directly after Brazil became a republic. Moreover, many of the Portuguese settlers have since married negroes. That is why we are constantly passing people of all shades of color, from black to white."

While they were talking, the car sped on, and from time to time Senhor Vasco pointed out different fine buildings—the beautiful cathedral, and many grand homes.

Mrs. Grayson had just exclaimed at the beauty of these homes when Joe pointed out a fat negress coming down the walk.

"She actually waddles," said Lucy. "Do look at her gold chains and bracelets, and the funny dress. It is like a nightgown without sleeves."

"I'm dreadfully hungry," declared Joe suddenly.

"Dreadfully hungry," echoed Theresa, with a long sigh.

"We are only a little way from a good hotel," said Senhor Vasco, laughing. "If our little folks are suffering so much for want of food, we would best go there at once."

Ten minutes afterward they were eating a deli-

cious meal in the big dining-room of the hotel. There were several dishes which the twins had never tasted before.

Senhor Vasco, as well as Theresa, ate generously of dried meat. "We Brazilians are very fond of it," he told the Graysons.

Joe and Lucy enjoyed the dessert best of all. There were dainty cakes and rich preserves, and some of the fruit they had wished to taste ever since they came on shore.

"I like this funny green orange," said Joe approvingly; "and the mangoes are first rate."

"Isn't this caju queer?" asked Lucy, holding up a small fruit that looked like a lemon, but with seeds growing out of one end. "It's ever so sweet," she continued, as she began to eat it.

"I can't say I care much for mangoes, even if they are juicy," declared Mrs. Grayson, who was tasting the fruit for the first time.

"One has to learn to like mangoes. By and by you may think them the most delicious of all growing things," replied Senhor Vasco.

As soon as the meal was over the party took a carriage ride to a beautiful suburb of Bahia. They passed through avenues of the Bahia palms, and fields planted with banana trees. Big bunches of fruit were hanging down from beneath the clusters of long leaves near the top.

All too soon the ride ended, and the travelers found themselves at one of the elevators ready to

descend to the lower town. As they went down, Senhor Vasco said, "When I visited here as a boy I did not go in this way; it was in a chair carried by two negro porters. Such men were at hand on every street-corner calling to the passers-by, 'Will you have a chair, sir? Will you have a chair?' "

It was almost sunset when the party was being rowed out to the waiting steamer. As Lucy looked back at the bright-colored houses among the palms on the bluff, she said, "Bahia would be a lovely place to live in, if it were not so hot."

"You would quickly get used to the heat," replied Senhor Vasco. "At noon you would take a nap in a cool grass hammock. By the time the nap ended the sun would be turned westward, a sea breeze would have sprung up, and you would be ready for play."

"A nap in broad day!" cried Joe with scorn.

"Certainly. Every one in the tropics takes a nap. For this reason the stores are closed during the noon hours."

"What wretched little huts the poor live in." Mrs. Grayson's voice was full of pity. "I noticed those along the edge of the city. A few lumps of clay stuck between laths, a roof of thatch—and the house is made."

"You must remember that the people spend most of their time outdoors, so the home is not very important," said Senhor Vasco.

"And they don't need to work much, with plenty

of fruit to be had, and cheap at that. As for clothes——" Joe chuckled. "They can't need to take much more thought of them than the monkeys do."

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

THE TWINS' FIRST VIEW OF THEIR NEW HOME—RIO DE JANEIRO

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW HOME

"WE are fast nearing our new home," said Mr. Grayson, as he sat with his wife on the upper deck of the steamer.

The sentence was hardly finished when Joe and Lucy came hop-skipping down the deck. Theresa was with them, tightly holding Lucy's hand in her own, because this was her first lesson in hop-skipping.

"Mother! Father!" cried Joe as he came nearer. "We must be almost there! Theresa says those are her home mountains. Goody! Goody!"

The ship had already turned inland, and was passing through a narrow opening in the waters. Noble mountains could be seen, rising straight up from shore.

"See! Over there is the mountain, Sugar Loaf," said Theresa. "And on the other side is the Fort of Vera Cruz."

The ship was now making its way through a narrow passage between two islands.

"When the first explorers sailed through this narrow inlet," explained Senhor Vasco who had followed the children, "they thought they had entered

the mouth of a river. It was the second day of January. So they said, 'We will call this stream, *Rio de Janeiro,*' or River of January, as you would say in English. The name has never been changed, though instead of being a river, this proved to be one of the finest, as well as most beautiful, bays in the world.

"In the long ago, before any white man ventured here," Senhor Vasco went on, "the red people who dwelt on the shore called these the 'Hidden Waters.' Even if they could have known of the countries across the great ocean they would not have feared. 'No one can find us behind the Hidden Waters,' they would have said to each other.

"And now, children," he said, leading them close to the deck rail where they could look backward as well as forward, "what fruit does this harbor resemble? We have just passed through the stem and now we can see the shape of the body as it opens up before us."

"I know! I know! You told me once," said Theresa in Portuguese.

"Sh! See if our little friends can tell us," he replied in the same tongue.

"Why—it's a—it's a——" Lucy's forehead was wrinkled with thought.

"A pear, of course," broke in Joe.

"Right you are. And in this body all the ships of the world could anchor at the same time. Pretty big, isn't it?"

The children nodded.

"How many dear little islands there are all about us! It seems as if they were floating on the top of the water. I keep being afraid we are going to run into one of them and knock it into pieces," Lucy said, half to herself.

"No danger! We have a good pilot." Senhor Vasco smiled. "But now turn your eyes toward the shore. Do you see that mountain? It is called the Hunchback. And look! There is one shaped like a fort, and another like a negro's head."

"Yes, and the trees on top look like his kinky wool —only they are green instead of black."

"Quite true, Lucy. But we are fast nearing our city."

"It's beautiful! And it seems to be resting on the water, just as the islands do, only it is guarded by all those lovely hills behind it." Lucy clapped her hands in delight.

"A red and white city," said Mrs. Grayson.

"The roofs are covered for the most part with red tiles. You can see this as we draw nearer," explained Senhor Vasco.

"Home! My dear home!" cried Theresa in Portuguese.

At that moment the little girl, standing on the rail with her father's protecting arms holding her fast, began to wave her handkerchief—she had sighted her grandmother and brother among the crowd on the wharf waiting for the incoming passengers.

The ship was already making its way past big steamers from far lands and weather-worn sailing

vessels, pleasure yachts and fishermen's punts. Then, with scarcely a jar, it came to a standstill. The voyage of more than two weeks was over, and a new life lay before the twins.

"Well, well! It is a pleasure indeed to see you all once more."

Such were the words that greeted Mr. Grayson as he stepped on shore. The speaker was his old friend, Mr. Joyce, who had left New York years before to seek his fortune in Brazil.

"A pleasure indeed! I hoped you would be here to meet us, Tom."

The two men were already gripping each other's hands with hearty good will.

Mr. Joyce now turned to greet the rest of the family.

"You haven't changed a bit," he said to Mrs. Grayson. "But dear, dear!" he went on, smiling at the twins. "I haven't seen you two since you were roly-poly babies, and one could scarcely tell you apart. And now, what big youngsters you are!"

"It is no use to try to talk here, however," he continued, turning to Mr. and Mrs. Grayson. "Let us go at once to a hotel. There you can rest and at the same time plan about your future home. I have been on the lookout and think I have found the very place to suit you. Here is my motor car. Mrs. Grayson, let me help you in. Joe and Lucy, you shall ride in front."

Lucy had barely seated herself when she burst into tears.

"O dear! O dear!" she sobbed. "I was so excited I didn't bid Theresa good-by. What will she think of me?"

"Don't worry, dear," comforted her father. "No doubt Theresa was as excited as you, and thought only of meeting her own people. I have the address —Senhor Vasco gave it to me, and said he wished to see us a great deal at his home."

Lucy gave a sigh of relief and settled herself to enjoy the strange sights around her. At the same time Mr. Grayson said to his wife in a low tone, "Senhor Vasco took a great liking to our youngsters. He said he could wish no better playmates for his children."

"Senhor Vasco, did you say?" asked Mr. Joyce, catching the name.

"Yes."

"He is one of the richest and most important men in Rio. Moreover, every one admires him as a true gentleman."

"Father! Mother!" Joe broke in. "Please, please look!"

The auto had by this time turned into a broad avenue. It was lined with handsome buildings before which stood rows of tall trees. Through the middle of the avenue there were beautifully wrought lamp-posts between trees like those bordering the sidewalks.

"This is the *loveliest* place!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Those are some of our famous Brazil trees," said

Mr. Joyce. "They alone would make any avenue beautiful."

"How clean the city is!" said Mrs. Grayson.

"When I came here, Rio was already a noble city." Mr. Joyce spoke with pride. "But the people were not satisfied. They tore down old parts and rebuilt them. Among the good things done, you see this avenue which runs through the center of the city. Hence its name, Avenida Central."

"So many autos make me think of New York," said Joe.

"But not that pedler with the queer little house on his head," added Lucy. "What is the man doing?"

"That little house is filled with sweeties," said Mr. Joyce. "Didn't you just hear the man calling out his wares?"

"I heard him shouting, but it was in Portuguese." Lucy pouted. "O dear!" she went on. "I'm going to hurry as fast as I can to learn more of the language."

"Look over there, quick!" said Joe. "People are actually sitting on the sidewalks and drinking coffee there!"

"Tables are often set in front of the cafés," said Mr. Joyce, smiling at the lad's amusement.

The motor car soon came to a standstill in front of a large hotel, and porters in uniform came hurrying out to help the travelers alight.

"Now for a good Rio dinner," said Mr. Joyce. "Afterward we had better ride out to the house

of which I spoke. It is all furnished. The family who own it have gone to New York for three years."

That afternoon the Graysons and Mr. Joyce rode out to see the house he had chosen for them. It stood on the slope of a hill overlooking the water.

"Won't it seem queer to live in a house painted a bright yellow, with a red roof?" said Lucy, as she ran up the steps. "Joe, look at that orange-tree close to the piazza! Only think of having an orange-tree with live oranges on it in one's own yard!"

The word *live* set everybody laughing.

"But that's nothing to a bread-fruit tree!" Joe fairly shouted the words. "It *is* a bread-fruit tree, isn't it, Mr. Joyce?"

"Yes; and if you get a monkey and a parrot, you can feed your pets with the fruit."

While he was talking, Mr. Joyce opened the big front door, and now led the way inside.

"How odd!" Mrs. Grayson laughed softly as she entered the long parlor. "This is a pleasant room; but, dear me, how stiff everything looks! The sofas and chairs are set back against the walls as if they were glued there and must not look at each other even out of the corners of their eyes."

"We'll soon make a cosy place of it," comforted Mr. Grayson. "When we look out of these big windows, we can see avenues of palms and gardens full of blossoms."

"And the sea with the big ships," chimed in Joe.

On the way back to the hotel Mr. Grayson said to the twins: "I have a pleasant surprise for you.

Mr. Joyce tells me that Senhor Vasco lives only a short distance from our new home."

"Goody guy!" exclaimed Joe. "And as Theresa's brother is only two years older than I am, we can have great sport together."

"You must not be disappointed if he does not play ball and turn somersaults, though." Mr. Joyce's eyes twinkled. "Portuguese children are not as active as young New Yorkers."

"Theresa was ever so quiet on shipboard," said Lucy thoughtfully. "But I thought that was because she was feeling sad about her mother."

"Very likely she was more quiet than usual. I still think, however, you will find your Rio playmates less active than the old ones."

Early the next morning, the Graysons moved into the house on the hillside. Before night a jolly negro cook, Cæsar, was ruling in the kitchen, and a housemaid, also black, set the furniture about in American fashion under Mrs. Grayson's direction. The twins were completely happy when Mr. Joyce appeared in the evening with a beautiful green and crimson parrot.

"Thank you! Thank you!" cried they. Then, with the next breath, Joe asked: "Can he talk, Mr. Joyce?"

"A few Portuguese words, Joe. You will have to teach him some English."

"Let's begin with 'Polly wants a cracker,'" said Lucy.

"Pooh! That's too common. Let's teach him our

names first, so he can call us," replied Joe; and set out to give a lesson at once.

Poll, however, not feeling acquainted, only ruffled up his handsome feathers.

"Time enough," said Mr. Joyce, smiling at their eagerness. "In a little while the bird will reward you, for he is unusually bright."

The second day in the new home brought another surprise for the twins. This was the coming of a young English girl to be their governess.

"Miss Lee is so pretty, I like to look at her," Joe whispered to his sister, as they left the room where they had just had their first real lesson in Portuguese.

"I could hug her this minute," Lucy whispered back. "She's so kind and sweet that she made our lesson seem as much fun as a game." Then, thinking of the little friend on shipboard, she added, "We are like Theresa now, for she told me that she always had a governess at home."

CHAPTER V

GETTING ACQUAINTED

"THERE, Joe! At last Polly can talk English!" Lucy clapped her hands. "It was plain as anything."

As she spoke, the parrot watched her with his bright eyes. Now, cocking his head on one side he called, "Lucy, Lucy—goo-o-d girl! goo-d girl!"

"Well done, old fellow. Now you shall get your reward." Joe, smoothing Polly's feathers softly, held out a piece of banana which the bird seized and devoured eagerly.

"But, I say, Lucy! What's that?" said Joe the next instant, looking toward the street.

The children were in the side garden under the bread-fruit tree, where they had brought the parrot to play in the shade.

A man was drawing near the house with a pack on his back, and two measuring sticks which he was busily clapping.

"He's going to stop here. Let's send him away," said Lucy. "Mother is taking a nap, and doesn't wish to be disturbed."

By this time the pedler had come up to the gate. Still clapping the sticks, he began to speak in a high voice.

"Portuguese, of course," Joe whispered to his sister. "But I think I understand. He has dress goods to sell. He probably measures them off with those sticks.

"No! No!" Joe had now turned toward the man, and shook his head as he spoke.

"No! No!" repeated Poll, looking very wise, and the pedler went slowly on his way.

"People here are—well—I call them lazy," said Lucy. "No one is ever in a hurry."

"Let's go up on the veranda and swing in the hammocks," said Joe. "We'll ask Cæsar to make some limeade, and give us some of those nice cakes he makes—he calls them doces."

As the twins settled themselves in the hammocks, Lucy said dolefully, "O dear! we've been here four whole days, and I haven't heard from Theresa yet. I'm afraid she's forgotten me."

"And I want to see her brother. You are all right, Lucy, but you are only a girl, you know. And I'd like to get acquainted with some Rio boys."

Joe's words didn't make Lucy feel any better, and the tears began to roll down her cheeks. Then suddenly a sound was heard, as if a carriage had stopped in front of the house.

Lucy rubbed her eyes.

"Who can it be?" she cried excitedly. "Do you s'pose——"

By this time Joe had bounded to the end of the veranda. Peering through the trees, he saw a grand-looking open carriage with silver trimmings. In

front sat a black driver in livery holding in a pair of spirited black horses. A boy in a white suit was sitting beside him. In the back seat were two people —one was a tiny old lady, but Joe could not see the other.

"I say," he whispered, running back to Lucy. "I'll bet anything it is the carriage of Senhor Vasco, with Carlos on the front seat."

"Don't say bet, Joe. It isn't nice." Lucy had still in mind Joe's remark about her being only a girl. "Let's run and tell mother, for the people are going to get out," she added.

Five minutes afterward Mrs. Grayson entered the drawing-room, followed by the twins and Miss Lee. "We will need your help in talking, I feel sure," she had said to the young governess. "We know such a tiny bit of Portuguese, and Senhor Vasco has told me that his mother speaks no English."

It was an easy matter, however, to get acquainted with the dear old lady with bright black eyes, who talked quite as much with her dainty little hands as with her tongue. Carlos, moreover, a handsome boy, knew a good deal of English which he had learned at school. And as for shy little Theresa—for she it was who had sat beside her grandmother in the carriage—why, Lucy and she were hugging and kissing each other before one could say "Jack Robinson."

The call was a merry one. There was much laughter over Mrs. Grayson and Senhora Vasco trying to understand each other, though Miss Lee was ever

ready to help. The boys were a bit bashful at first; but after black coffee had been served to the ladies and limeade to the children, with cakes for all, the stiffness was over. Then Joe proposed a visit to the parrot and the garden, and all four children went outside, where they were soon acting "natural," as Lucy said afterward. And when Carlos climbed the banana-tree, to show Joe how easy it was to wriggle up the queer straight trunk, Joe felt as if they were already old friends. Then, when Poll was introduced and spoke the first English words he had learned, there was more fun.

"I have pets too," Carlos told the twins. "An iguana and two macaws."

"And my little monkey," broke in Theresa. "Oh, won't you come to our house quick—very quick?"

"Indeed we will," said Joe emphatically; while Lucy's answer was a hug.

Just then, Miss Lee appeared at a side door.

"Come, children," she called. "The Senhora says it is time to go."

So the visit ended. As the Senhora, in the fashion of Portuguese ladies, made several pretty curtsies while bidding her good-bys, she promised to send her carriage the next day to take the twins and Miss Lee for a ride with Carlos and Theresa.

Photo by E. M. Newman

ONE OF RIO DE JANEIRO'S BEAUTIFUL PALM AVENUES

CHAPTER VI

SIGHTSEEING

"IT seems as if I couldn't wait any longer," said Joe, impatiently.

It was two o'clock and the twins were already dressed in their best "bib and tucker" and walking up and down the veranda in readiness for the promised ride, though the carriage was not expected till three.

"In the early afternoon Rio is like the home of the 'Sleeping Beauty.'" Lucy spoke a little crossly. "*Everything* stops and *everybody* curls up in a hammock."

"I wonder how Carlos and I will get along," said Joe, changing the subject.

"Mother likes Carlos. She says he is so gentle and polite, he can teach you some things, Joe."

"Um! Well, for all that, there's a fire in his black eyes that wouldn't be pleasant in a quarrel."

"Here comes Miss Lee. Doesn't she look pretty in that white hat with pink roses?"

As Lucy spoke, she skipped away to meet the young governess. At the same moment the carriage drew up, with the smiling faces of Carlos and Theresa bent toward the house.

As his guests settled themselves in the carriage, Carlos said to them: "If it pleases you, we will ride through the Ouvidor, visit some parks, go to the market, and spend the rest of the time in the Botanical Gardens. So my grandmother planned."

With a flourish of his whip, the driver now started his horses. On flew the carriage over the smooth road. Each moment the twins saw something new. Here was a lady leaning from her window and crooking her finger at an acquaintance passing below, to attract attention. Over there was a girl making an odd motion to a friend in the opposite house; this motion, Miss Lee explained to the twins, meant, "Good day to you."

Again a pedler attracted the children's attention. He bore a wicker crate on his head, in which the sightseers could hear a loud squawking; the man was carrying live chickens to sell at the houses which he passed. Still another man bore a tempting load of cakes and candies. When Carlos saw him, he ordered the coachman to stop to let him buy some for his friends.

As they turned a corner into Avenida Central, the twins noticed a large and beautiful building.

"That is the Monroe Palace," explained Miss Lee. "An exact copy of it was set up at the St. Louis Exposition a few years ago to show Americans what fine buildings may be found in Brazil."

Soon afterward the carriage entered a little park where the twins found so many trees and plants un-

like any they had ever seen before that all they were able to say was one long, "Oh-h!"

On whirled the carriage, and the party soon found themselves in a still larger park where Carlos pointed out the statues of some famous Brazilians.

"And next we will ride past the Ouvidor," he said. "It is the busiest street in our city; but as it is narrow, carriages and automobiles as well as trucks aren't allowed to enter it at this time of day."

Joe looked a bit disappointed.

Seeing this, Carlos added quickly, "We can get out at the corner, however, and walk down a little way."

Accordingly, when the Ouvidor was reached, the carriage was left in charge of the driver, and Miss Lee and the children began to make their way along the crowded street.

"There are all kinds of people here," remarked Joe. "I can see Portuguese and negroes and Americans and, yes—Italians."

"Englishmen and Spaniards also," said Miss Lee quietly. "As yet, Joe, I doubt whether you and your sister can tell the difference between the Spaniards and Portuguese, and between the Americans and English."

"How gaily the buildings are painted!" exclaimed Lucy. "Joe, do look at those flagpoles reaching out from the stores just over the heads of the passers-by. They make me think of the Fourth of July."

"Ah, but our market!" said Carlos, who had been enjoying the twins' interest in so many sights new

to them. "You shall be proud of it with me. So let us say good-by to the Ouvidor for to-day and make our way there."

"On the waterfront," said Joe delightedly, as the party drove up shortly afterward before the big market.

"We will get out; then you shall see much," said the young host, springing gracefully from the carriage and turning to help Miss Lee alight.

"How lovely!" cried Lucy, stopping before a long stand where oranges, bananas, pineapples and mangoes were piled up, besides other fruits whose names she did not know. She drew a long sniff of delight. "Mangoes have a delicious smell!" she added.

"Um—m!" said Joe sympathetically. "And what are these?" He pointed to a pile of mammee apples, as big as cannon balls.

"Mammee apples are good and sweet and make delicious jam," said Theresa, who was standing beside him. "Very good! But I like fresh figs better."

"It seems queer that we left autumn behind us in New York and jumped into spring here," said Lucy, as the party moved on.

"We are upside down," laughed Joe. "And some things here are inside out," he added, as they passed a stand piled with fish whose eyes stuck far out of their heads.

On wandered Miss Lee and the children, past piles of salted beef and pork, till they came to the place where the air was filled with the screeches of bright-feathered parrots and cockatoos, the singing of birds,

the cackling of fowls, and the grunting of guinea pigs. The monkeys interested the twins most of all. Big monkeys and little, grandfather monkeys and baby monkeys, looked down at the children below with wise eyes, as much as to say, "What do you think of me?"

On leaving the market the sightseers drove to the Botanical Gardens. As the carriage entered an avenue lined with royal palms, Lucy exclaimed:

"Why! They are as tall as some of our New York sky-scrapers!"

"Look at the soft gray bark—and then overhead," said Carlos.

All turned their eyes upward. Far above them the feathery leaves spread out, making a beautiful green archway.

The driver soon turned his horses into another beautiful avenue, where the party got out to explore for themselves.

For the first time in their lives, the twins saw cinnamon, clove, and nutmeg trees. They stopped to admire the pretty yellow blossoms of a cinnamon tree.

"Do these blossoms change into nuts from which we get our cinnamon?" asked Lucy.

"No," said Miss Lee. "It is the bark of the tree which furnishes the spice. But the nutmegs grow like any other nuts."

"Look! This is a cow-tree." As Carlos spoke, he pointed to a tree which his guests were passing

without notice. "Tap this; you then get a drink like milk," he added.

"You can find here almost all things that grow in Brazil," said Miss Lee.

It was even so; before leaving the Gardens, the children saw rubber-trees, palms of many different kinds, camphor-trees, and so many others that Lucy and Joe almost lost their breath in trying to tell their parents about them afterward. The bamboos pleased them most. They were so pretty and graceful, and grew so thickly together that they gave a pleasant shade.

"See!" cried Theresa, pointing to some immense red and gold butterflies flitting gaily about in a sunny spot. "And there, there!" she continued, looking toward a bush among whose leaves a humming-bird was flitting. The bird's back was of a deep rich blue, and its tail was very long.

"What a beauty! Maybe its nest is hidden away in that bush!" exclaimed Joe, creeping softly toward it.

"I fear we must not stop for any more discoveries," said Miss Lee. "The sun is near its setting, and we had better think of home. But do look, children, in passing, at the orchids whose vines festoon the branches of yonder tree."

"O dear! I hate to leave," said Lucy, sighing.

"Other days are coming, you know," comforted Miss Lee, as she led the way to the carriage.

CHAPTER VII

AMONG THE COFFEE FIELDS

MUMMIE! Mummie!" called the twins as they flew into the house. "We've had such a good time!" And with these words, they ran straight, not into their mother's arms, but their father's.

"I'm *so* glad you've got home," said Lucy, giving Mr. Grayson's cheek a loving pinch. "You've been late almost every evening, so I didn't expect to see you now."

"I have been late, I know, but there has been a great deal of work in my getting settled in the new business. But now I begin to see daylight," replied her father. "Where have you been to-day, little folks?"

"Over to the Palace," said Joe. The home of Senhor Vasco was so grand that Joe and Lucy had given it this name.

"We've had a splendid time," said Lucy. "First we played with the pets. I don't care much for the macaws. They can't talk as much as other kinds of parrots. Their voices are so shrill, I sometimes want to cover my ears when they call. Senhora Vasco doesn't like to have them in the house, so Carlos keeps them out in the yard in a little place his father had built for them."

"But they are beauties," broke in Joe. "I'd like to see any birds handsomer—bright red feathers almost all over their bodies, with deep blue wings. They are really very wise birds. I enjoyed watching the iguana, too. Its back is such a pretty green. It is young yet—not three feet long. An iguana, you know, is a big kind of lizard and almost all tail."

"I like Theresa's little monkey best," said Lucy. "Do you know, Daddie, it went to sleep on my lap this morning, and when it woke up, it jumped down on the tiger skin on the floor and rolled over like a kitten."

"What did you do besides play with the pets?" asked Mr. Grayson.

"Of course we spent a long time at the dinner table. We had chicken and pork," said Lucy, "and a queer sort of hash made of meat and farina——"

"And queer little hard biscuit, and jaboticabas," added Joe. "The jaboticabas are like plums. Carlos told me they have no stems, but grow right out of the trunk of the tree."

"But what did you children play?"

"Theresa and I kept house with our dolls most of the time," said Lucy.

"And Carlos and I flew parrots," said Joe.

"*Flew* parrots?"

"Yes, Daddie; paper ones with long tails. Carlos has other lovely kites too, different from any I ever saw. Then we played some quiet games in the house, and after that"—Joe's eyes danced—"I got Carlos to have a match with me turning somersaults. At

first he was slow, but he soon got the hang of it; and what do you think, Daddie—he finally beat me out!"

Mr. Grayson laughed.

"What do you suppose Carlos told me to-day?" Joe went on. "He said: 'You always seem to think of me and Theresa as Portuguese. So we are, for our grandparents came from Portugal; but we are Brazilians because my family adopted this country. Besides this, we are Americans just like you, only I have always lived in *South* America, while your home is *North* America.' "

"What did you say to that?" asked Mr. Grayson.

"That I had never thought about it before, but I was glad, because that made Carlos my brother."

"Very good, Joe. And now, perhaps, you and Lucy would like to hear some pleasant news."

"What is it?" cried the twins.

"Come to dinner, dears," called their mother, appearing in the doorway.

As soon as the family was settled around the table, Mr. Grayson said:

"The business is now running smoothly, so I can leave the city for a few days to visit some rich coffee lands where berries we ship from Rio are raised."

"And you will take us with you?" cried Joe, jumping up from the table in his excitement.

"To-morrow," replied his father, with a sly smile at his wife.

"To-morrow!" cried Mrs. Grayson. "Why, we can't get ready so soon."

"You said 'can't' once before about leaving New York so suddenly." Mr. Grayson smiled. "But we managed it all right. And really, I must take advantage of the present time, or not go at all."

The result was that the next day the Graysons left Rio on a train bound for Sao Paulo, the second largest city in Brazil.

The way led first up among the mountains. The twins were kept busy looking at the different sights to be seen from the train windows. Perhaps it was a view of the distant sea from a lofty point on a mountain slope. Again it was a river whose banks were covered with tropical trees. Most interesting of all were colonies of ant hills as big as beehives.

When the train stopped at the wayside stations, Mr. Grayson often took the children out on the platform to watch the country people gathered there. Many of them were Italians who had found a happy home in Brazil, where the balmy air is much like that of Italy. Clumsy ox-carts were often lined up at the station, and carriages bobbing on two wheels.

At sunset the travelers found themselves in the bustling city of Sao Paulo, where they had a good supper and a night's rest at the hotel, after which they went on with their journey.

"A few hours more will bring us to the station where Senhor Gonzalo is to meet us and take us to his plantation," said Mr. Grayson. "Though a stranger to us, he is such a dear friend of Mr. Joyce that he will surely give us a hearty welcome."

"As he is a Portuguese, he will be hospitable,

without doubt," said Mrs. Grayson with a happy smile.

Her words came true. When the travelers left the train, they found Senhor Gonzalo waiting for them with a comfortable carriage and span of horses. He was so pleasant that the twins were talking with him as easily as if he were an old friend before they had scarcely left the station.

On rolled the carriage over a smooth road between fields covered with rows of low trees. The leaves were of a dark glossy green and among them were countless snowy-white blossoms.

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Joe; and "Oh-h!" echoed Lucy, as their eyes feasted on the beautiful sight.

Senhor Gonzalo looked pleased.

"We never tire of the beauty of our coffee trees," he said in excellent English. "But it changes. When the blossoms fade and the bright red berries take their place, then our fields make a picture that would indeed make you cry 'Oh!' "

Senhor Gonzalo went on to tell of the harvesting time when men, women, and children flock to the coffee districts from all the country round, to pick the berries. Then the fields are alive with people, each one trying to outdo the others in filling and refilling his basket; for the laborers are paid according to the number of pounds they pick.

The story was so interesting, it seemed but a moment to the twins before the carriage entered the driveway of Senhor Gonzalo's plantation, or fazenda,

as the Portuguese say. Senhora Gonzalo stood waiting in the doorway to welcome her guests.

After supper, the host led the way to the veranda where all sat talking in the moonlight till long past the usual hour for the twins to go to bed.

"Did you notice any ant-mounds on your way here from Rio?" Senhor Gonzalo asked his guests.

"Indeed, yes. And they were bigger than any I ever dreamed of," said Joe promptly.

"It seemed as if the little creatures could have no troubles, did it not, as they went in and out of their homes—as though they had no enemies to fear?"

Joe and Lucy nodded.

"Ah! but they have a cruel enemy, the clumsy ant-bear, that devours them by the thousands. The big, lazy creature has no teeth, so he seeks his food among the ants, because he can catch them with his tongue and swallow them without trouble."

"I'd like to see a live ant-bear," said Joe, "besides other wild animals that live in this country—armadillos and Brazilian foxes and wolves and tiger cats and—and—jaguars."

"You might not have much trouble with the others, but beware of the jaguar." Senhor Gonzalo spoke very seriously. "When I was a young man, I spent months hunting in the wilderness west and north of us. I went as far as the lofty Andes mountains, with an Indian companion. We had many adventures, but none as dangerous as the one with a jaguar."

"Did you kill him?" Joe nearly jumped out of his seat in his excitement.

"No." Senhor Gonzalo smiled at the disappointment he saw in the boy's face. "In following the trail of a fox, I became separated from my companion. Then, suddenly, as I entered a deep forest, I caught sight of a jaguar—a big fellow he was. At once, I was filled with the longing to secure that handsome, tawny skin. Recklessly and without fear I shot at him.

"I missed my aim. The shot entered the creature's foreleg instead of his heart. He was furious and plunged toward me. Again I shot, and again my bullet missed a vital point.

"Then, alas! With the jaguar now close upon me, I discovered that my revolver was empty. There was no time to reload. I had barely time to climb the nearest tree. Clinging to a high branch, I could see the creature on the ground below, looking up with fiery eyes and wide-open jaws, and howling angrily."

"And then?" Joe broke in.

"As the sun was already setting, I remained in the tree all night. Toward morning the jaguar, tired of waiting, went off in search of other prey. But if he had ever tasted human blood, he might not have lost patience.

"Ah, but that night!" Senhor Gonzalo closed his eyes thoughtfully. "Monkeys filled the woods with their screeching, and once I heard the shrieks of a tiger cat. It came nearer and nearer. More than

once I imagined it was climbing the tree where I lodged."

"I guess you were glad enough when morning came," said Lucy, shuddering.

"Indeed, yes; glad also to find my Indian companion, who, as it happened, was but a short distance away all the time. But, little folks, let me give you something pleasanter than jaguars to put into your dreams to-night. Shut your eyes for a moment, and we will travel into the long-ago to visit an Indian village before the white men came to Brazil. We need not go far from this plantation, for the country round about us was all wilderness then.

"Ah! here we stand before a little hut made of reeds. Red children are playing about the hut. They wear little clothing—it is so warm, they do not need more. These Indian children sleep on piles of grass which their mother has gathered and dried. They need never go hungry, for bananas and plantains grow wild near by, and their father brings home birds and wild animals from the hunt for his wife to roast in hot ashes. Their mother gathers edible roots in the fields and forests. Can you guess what is the most precious of these roots?"

"I know, I know!" Joe answered in a flash. "It is manioc. Mother says it's what tapioca and farina are made out of. Our cook uses a great deal of it."

"Quite right. And all Brazilians have it on their table. The Indians showed us whites how to prepare it. So let us watch the mother of these red children we are visiting. She is pulling out of the

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

IN SAO PAULO THEY SAW ACRES OF LOW, SHINING COFFEE TREES

ground some roots as thick as large beets. She brings them to her home, and with heavy stones presses out a poisonous juice. Then, carefully washing the roots, she pounds them into meal."

"I hope," said Lucy, with half-closed eyes, "she will make nice cakes out of the meal. But what will she use to sweeten them?"

"Honey from wild bees' nests," suggested Joe.

"Perhaps." Senhor Gonzalo smiled. "But I doubt if those old-time Indians had such a 'sweet tooth' as ourselves; they were doubtless satisfied to eat manioc cakes without sugar or honey.

"But look! While we are talking about them, these red children are becoming greatly excited. What can be the matter? Oh, now we see. The father has just brought home some big red monkeys, of which a feast will shortly be prepared for the family and their friends."

"O dear! How I should like to go hunting in the wilds of this country and meet Indians!" sighed Joe. "By the time I grow up it may be all settled."

"Never fear, my boy." Senhor Gonzalo laughed. "A large part of Brazil is still a wilderness far from any railroad. For years to come, countless wild animals may be found in the country, as well as wandering tribes of Indians."

"It is getting late for the little folks," said Mr. Grayson, looking at his watch. In the brilliant moonlight he saw readily that it was half-past ten.

As Mrs. Grayson got up to lead the twins off to bed, her hostess said with a kind smile, "As soon as

you rise in the morning, I hope you will go to your window and take a long sniff."

Then she embraced Lucy and her mother and patted their backs several times. This was to show them in Portuguese fashion that already her American guests were like old and dear friends.

The sun had scarcely shown his head above the distant hills the next morning when Lucy's eyes opened and looked about the strange room.

"Where am I?" she asked herself sleepily. Then she remembered, and at the same time the words of Senhora Gonzalo of the night before popped into her mind. Out of bed she jumped and, running to the open window, drew in a long breath of the fresh air.

"Oh!" she whispered to herself in delight. The little girl was drinking in the fragrance of coffee blossoms with which the damp morning air was laden.

"Joe, Joe!" she called softly to her brother in the next room.

Ten minutes afterward, both children were dressed and had stolen quietly out among the long rows of coffee-trees. There Senhor Gonzalo and their father soon joined them.

"How well-kept your orchards are!" said Mr. Grayson admiringly. "Scarcely any weeds can be seen."

"That is the way to secure heavy crops!" was the answer. "Besides, the trees must be carefully pruned and not allowed to grow higher than twelve feet or so."

"You raise only the red berries, I understand," remarked Mr. Grayson a little later.

"Only red, because they have a richer flavor. Many planters, however, are now raising the yellow berries which give more abundant crops; but I prefer the best."

As Senhor Gonzalo spoke, he led the way to broad paved yards close to which stood large buildings.

"In these yards, and by means of the machines in the buildings before us," explained Senhor Gonzalo, "the coffee berries are washed, dried, husked, weighed and prepared for shipment. The most important work of all is the drying, when the berries lie spread out on the pavement in the sunlight."

As he spoke, a negro servant came toward the party.

"Breakfast is ready, sir," he said, bowing to his master.

Joe and Lucy were glad to hear the word "breakfast." The older people had already had coffee and rolls in their rooms, but the children had run out of the house before the maid appeared at their doors with this early refreshment.

After breakfast, Senhor Gonzalo led his guests to a side room whose walls were lined with glass cases filled with butterflies and stuffed birds.

"What beauties!" cried Joe, as he and Lucy turned to one after another.

Lucy said nothing; she was thinking what a pity it was to kill such beautiful creatures.

Senhor Gonzalo noticed the sad look in the little girl's eyes. "I was a little savage when I made this collection," he said quickly. "I could not kill one of those lovely songsters now."

CHAPTER VIII

BACK TO RIO

FOUR days passed by like a happy dream. The twins walked and rode horseback; they feasted on the dainties Senhora Gonzalo's cook prepared for the guests; they watched the workmen tending the coffee-trees; they played with the pet of the household, a tame monkey that performed many tricks. Then, one sunny afternoon, they found themselves once more at home, where Miss Lee was watching for them and the cook had an excellent dinner ready.

The next morning Carlos and Theresa came to see them.

"We have missed you so much," said Theresa, putting her arms around Lucy's neck. "And we want you and Joe to go with us down the bay to-morrow. Father will take us in a sail-boat and we can have a picnic dinner on one of the islands."

"Goody, goody!" cried Lucy; while Joe turned a somersault to show his delight.

The picnic proved a great success. The sail was a fine one; the dinner, eaten in a grove of banana-trees, was delicious; and all four children waded in the shallow water along the shore to their hearts' content.

Weeks went by, full of pleasure for the twins. Sometimes they went sightseeing; at other times they played with Carlos and Theresa and their pets. Joe and Carlos often went out into the country to fly kites. Theresa taught Lucy some Portuguese songs and dances. She and her brother showed the twins how to play some new games.

"Almost Christmas already!" Lucy said to her mother one day. "Won't it be the *funniest* thing to have Christmas come in the middle of summer."

Before Mrs. Grayson had time to answer, Joe burst into the room.

"What do you think!" he cried. "We are going to Petropolis to spend the holidays. I've just been down to father's office and he told me."

"Is it true?" Lucy had dropped the doll's dress she was making and was now dancing about her mother.

"Yes, dear. Your father thinks that a visit to the beautiful city among the mountains may keep us from getting homesick for Christmas with the dear ones in New York."

Shortly afterward Mr. Grayson arrived with still more good news—Senhor Vasco had decided to take his mother and the children to Petropolis for the holidays.

A jolly party soon left Rio for the summer capital of Brazil. As the train climbed upward through narrow mountain passes, noisy streams could be seen tumbling down over the rocks. The country around was wild and beautiful.

As Petropolis came into sight nestling among high mountains, Lucy asked, "Didn't one of the emperors have a palace in Petropolis?"

Senhor Vasco, who had been busy reading a newspaper, looked up with a smile. "Ah, you already know something of our history," he said. "Let me tell you more.

"When I was a lad this land was an empire, and our ruler was the gentle Dom Pedro II. He was far different from his father, Dom Pedro I, the first emperor. Before that we were under the rule of Portugal.

"Many stories have I heard of the time when the King of Portugal, father of Dom Pedro I, crossed the ocean and settled in Rio with his whole court. Those were gay times for the city, with constant feasting and dancing, and the streets alive with royal processions."

"Why should the King of Portugal leave his own home and come to Brazil to live?" asked Joe.

"The great Napoleon was making all Europe tremble, so the King came here for safety. But when danger was over, he went back, leaving his son to rule Brazil in his name. Then the people claimed for themselves freedom from Portugal. 'This country shall be an empire by itself,' they declared. 'The King's son shall be our ruler, however, and he shall be called Dom Pedro I.'"

"Ah, but he was a bad one!" said Carlos, who had been listening closely to his father's story.

"Quite right, my son. He was treated as he de-

served when the people forced him to leave the country. He left his young son behind him, and this son, when little older than you, Carlos, was crowned emperor."

"And then?" asked Joe eagerly.

"Dom Pedro II was loved by his subjects, though he enjoyed books better than governing. When he began to grow old, however, the people demanded more freedom than they could have as an empire.

" 'We will become a republic!' they said. They banished the old emperor, who died shortly afterward in Europe; and with little trouble we started out as a free people like your own United States."

While Senhor Vasco was talking, the train had begun to slow up; Petropolis was close at hand.

"You will soon see the palace of the good emperor," Carlos told his little friends, as they followed their parents out of the train.

"But it is a boarding-school now," said Theresa. "Father says he will send me there to be finished off as a young lady."

The next few days were busy ones for the children. They went to the palace, in whose lofty rooms young girls sat studying at desks made in a United States factory. They listened to concerts where Brazilian music was played. They took walks past fine houses shaded by tall palms, with azaleas and orange-trees blooming in the gardens. The boys went horseback riding among the mountains. The ladies and little girls took long walks into the country, bringing bouquets of beautiful wild flowers back to the hotel.

Best of all, perhaps, to the children, was the grand Christmas dinner and the exchange of gifts which they had brought from Rio, but had not even hinted at to each other till the Christmas sun peeped at them from over the mountains.

CHAPTER IX

SURPRISES

MOTHER darling, Miss Lee says Joe and I have got along splendidly!" said Lucy, dancing into her mother's room.

"And I'm sure we are up in the work of our class at home," said Joe, who had followed his sister.

"To say nothing of all the Portuguese we have learned," added Lucy.

"You have both done well, and you deserve a good long vacation. Moreover, I have a separate surprise for each one of you."

"A *separate* surprise!" cried Lucy. "Surely you don't mean that Joe and I are not to share the same thing!"

Mrs. Grayson smiled.

"Be patient, dear, and let me explain. Your father and I have an invitation for each of you. The one for Joe is to take a voyage up the coast with Mr. Joyce, who is going to Para at the mouth of the Amazon, on business. After it is done, he will take Joe on a steamboat trip up the King of Rivers."

"And see the Indians tapping rubber-trees, and monkeys and parrots in their forest home and—and —hurrah!" shouted Joe.

But Lucy began to pout.

"I won't see any of the wonders," she said at last. She choked over the words. "And Joe and I have never been away from each other in all our lives."

"Listen, dear," said her mother, drawing the little girl to her side. "You, too, are to take a trip. Senhor Vasco is going westward to visit the mines in the state of Minas Geraes. His mother and Theresa will go with him; but he fears the little girl may be lonely without a playmate. So he has invited you to join them."

"You'll see the miners digging out gold, and *perhaps* you will find a diamond," said Joe encouragingly.

"Besides, Lucy," added Mrs. Grayson, "you will be back in Rio in time to celebrate the Easter festival, which Joe will miss."

Smiles quickly chased Lucy's tears away and she was soon busy helping to make plans for the two journeys.

Joe and Carlos went away first. The little girls, with their parents, went on board the steamer with the boys and Mr. Joyce, and stayed till the last minute before the start. Then, as they afterward stood on the dock watching the ship move slowly away from shore, they could not keep the tears from running, even as they waved their handkerchiefs. Their brothers were going so far away!

Early the next morning, however, two happy little girls were in a train climbing up among the mountains—Lucy with dimpling cheeks and wavy, golden

hair, and Theresa, whose dark dreamy face was now full of excitement.

"Look!" she cried more than once, afraid that Lucy would lose sight of something interesting.

At first the train moved past coffee plantations and villages beside pretty streams. Here and there on some lonely hillside, the children caught glimpses of a mud hut thatched with grass, and with half-naked children playing around it.

"How can people live where there isn't a store near for miles and miles?" Lucy said half to herself.

Senhor Vasco heard her. "The people who live in such places are satisfied with very little," he said. "If they have a cow to give them milk, a few fowls to lay eggs, a couple of banana-trees, and a patch of manioc, they think themselves quite comfortable. Ah! but they are lazy folks—both negroes and white people who live in that way."

The first stop made by the party was at a big town where Senhor Vasco had to attend to some business.

"Why, this is a good deal like a New England town," Lucy told her friends. "There are factories along the river banks and the streets are well lighted. And such nice large school buildings and colleges! It seems queer."

"Why?" asked Senhor Vasco.

"Because there is such a wild country between us and Rio, and—and—because this is South America."

"I wonder what you will say when we reach the capital of the state at the end of another day's journey," was the answer. "Though Minas Geraes, or

General Mines, as you would say in English, is mostly a wilderness, it is one of the largest and most important states of Brazil because of the rich stores of gold and other minerals, as well as diamonds, found in the river beds."

That evening as the travelers sat at dinner, Senhor Vasco told the children about the discovery of the first diamonds.

"We shall have to go back nearly two hundred years," he said, "when negro slaves were searching for gold and silver for their masters. One day, as they were busy washing gold out of gravel, these slaves found some beautiful pebbles. They took them home to their masters, who used them as counters when they played cards, believing the pebbles had no value. At length, however, one of the gentlemen, who had been to India and seen diamonds there, began to examine the stones. 'Aha!' thought he, 'suppose these pebbles should be diamonds! I will have them weighed and see if they are like common stones. If not, they must be sent to men in Europe who have studied the nature of diamonds.'

"This was done, and behold, the word came back to Brazil that the stones were indeed diamonds, and worth large sums of money. Since then, at least a million dollars' worth of the gems are sent each year from our country to other lands."

"Please tell Lucy about the Braganza diamond," begged Theresa.

"That noted diamond," explained Senhor Vasco, "was found by three men who, for doing some great

wrong, were punished in this way: they were driven out into the wilderness to live among the Indians. One day, as they were washing gold out of some river sand, they noticed a pebble that sparkled brightly. 'Can it be a diamond?' they wondered. 'We will take it to the priest and ask him.'

"Now when the priest saw it, he also thought it must be a diamond and carried it to the governor to see what he would say.

" 'A diamond indeed,' decided the governor, 'and a rare one. It is worth a great fortune.' "

"Did he give it back to those poor men?" asked Lucy eagerly.

"No, my dear. He kept it for the government, but he gave the three exiles freedom to return home once more, and that was worth more to them than a fortune."

The next day after this talk, the party started out once more on their travels. Higher and higher among the mountains climbed the train. At last, Lucy and Theresa drew long breaths of delight as they found themselves in Minas, the beautiful capital of Minas Geraes, tucked away in a lofty valley.

"This city is often called the Washington of Brazil," said Senhora Vasco, "because in many ways, it is said to be like the capital of the United States."

After a short stay in the lovely city, the travelers made their way into the heart of the mining country. They visited Diamantina, where they watched the workmen washing the river sands for diamonds. They went on horseback along rough mountain sides

and saw the miners digging into the steep slopes for gold, and packing the precious earth on the backs of mules to be carried to the town below.

One morning as they were making their way slowly over a rocky stretch, Senhor Vasco said: "Perhaps it was here in these very wilds that the early Portuguese explorers found the first gold. They were brave men, and feared nothing in their search for wealth. They met Indians, many of whom they made their slaves and set to work washing gold out of the river sands."

Before the travelers turned homeward, they visited the town of Ouro Preto, or, as we would say, *black gold*. Theresa had been there once before, and she could hardly wait to lead Lucy to the monument of Tiradentes, a great patriot who had died for his country.

"Why—Tiradentes means—tooth puller." Lucy was thinking aloud. "What a queer name!"

"He was called that because he used to go about through the country pulling teeth for people."

"Oh-h! Just as our great patriot, Abraham Lincoln, was called the Rail Splitter," said Lucy thoughtfully.

CHAPTER X

THE EASTER FESTIVAL

I'VE had a perfectly lovely time, but I'm glad to be back with you, Mummie and Daddie. And oh! I do wish Joe were here!"

"Something from him is waiting for you," Mrs. Grayson managed to say between the hugs her little daughter was giving her.

"I know—it's a letter! Oh, do let me read it quick."

"Your father and I had a long one which you shall see later, but this is to your very own self. Read it aloud, dear, for we should like to hear it," said her mother, drawing the letter from her pocket.

Hurriedly opening the envelope, the little girl sat down on a foot-stool at her father's feet and began to read her brother's words.

Dear Lucy:

I miss you dreadfully, but I'm having a splendid time every minute. Here we are at Para after a fine voyage up the coast. It is pretty hot here, for you know we are close to the equator. Sometimes we go to the wharves and watch men loading the big ships with rubber brought down from the banks of the Amazon. The workmen are of all sorts of colors—white, brown, black—Portuguese, Spaniards, mulattoes, negroes. They go barefoot and carry their loads on their heads.

More than once I have seen a man on his way to market with something on his head as big around as a barrel. At first, I couldn't make out what it was. But when I saw a head with small black eyes sticking out and then drawing in, I knew right off. It was a big Amazon turtle lying on its back. And what do you think, Lucy! One turtle like that will lay over one hundred eggs in the hot river sand and leave them to hatch out by themselves.

I can buy pineapples and cocoanuts in the markets here for a few pennies each, and they are the finest ever. And say! The bananas just melt in one's mouth.

Do you remember, Lucy, the bright-colored houses on the cliffs at Bahia? They are of all sorts of bright colors here, too.

Mr. Joyce has been to the big shops with us boys several times, and we have bought hammocks to sleep in when we go up the Amazon. We will hang them on the deck of the little steamer, where we can always get a breeze.

I can't stop to write more now, as Mr. Joyce is calling for me to get ready for a sail in the harbor. We will pass little islands bordered by lilies, and the homes of thousands of parrots and monkeys.

There, I must stop. To-morrow we will start on our trip up the Amazon.

Good-by, twin dear, with lots of love to you all, from

JOE.

"I guess Joe and I will chatter like parrots when he gets back," Lucy said with a merry laugh as she finished the letter.

"Only think! Next week will be the last one before Lent," said Mr. Grayson. "Then three whole days for the carnival. Moreover, Senhor Vasco has invited us to watch the processions from the balcony over his office."

"Goody!" cried Lucy. "Then Theresa and I can have such fun together. We can pour perfumed

water from the balcony down on the passers-by. That is what she does every year."

"Pour perfumed water!" Mrs. Grayson looked puzzled.

"Everybody does it during the carnival, mother dear. Theresa says we can buy the perfume in little lead bottles very cheap, at stands set up along the streets. Then, as the crowds pass our balcony, we can lean over and squirt the water on any people we choose. They will laugh as much as we."

The first morning of the carnival Lucy was awake as early as on a Fourth of July at home.

"Daddie! Mummie!" she called to her parents. "I know you can't be asleep with such a noise outside."

Already people were making their way through the streets blowing horns, singing, and shouting.

After a hurried breakfast, Mr. Grayson took Lucy out to see the city in its holiday dress. The houses were decorated with flags and with bright-colored lanterns that would be lighted when evening came. Early as it was, the streets were crowded with people.

"Look, look, Daddie!" whispered Lucy, excitedly. "Some of the people have masks and dominoes on, and they keep playing jokes on each other."

When Lucy returned home, she found Theresa already there, and for the rest of the carnival the two little girls were together nearly all the time. They watched processions and listened to music made by people in the gay crowds, till they were tired. They

squirted bottle after bottle of perfumed water on the laughing, dancing, shouting passers-by. They feasted to their hearts' content on cakes and sweeties. Then, when night came, they tumbled into bed so tired and sleepy they scarcely knew what they were doing.

The last day of the carnival was the best of all. A grand procession that was "hours long," as Lucy said, marched through the streets. There were soldiers on horseback and beautifully trimmed floats on which were men, women and children, dressed in the fashions of long-ago; there were comical figures representing different animals.

"Best of everything," Lucy afterward told Joe, "was the float bearing King Carnival on a magnificent throne and looking very grand in his royal robes."

Theresa enjoyed the festival twice as much because her little American friend praised it so greatly. "Lucy," she asked more than once, "do you have a carnival that lasts three whole days, in New York?"

Each time Lucy was obliged to answer, "No—o," and once she added, "nor do we have so many holidays as you do in this country. It surely is fun to have them come so often."

CHAPTER XI

THE SURPRISE PARTY

"TO-MORROW!" cried Lucy joyfully.

"To-morrow!" echoed Theresa.

The two girls had just finished a pretty dance which Theresa was teaching her little guest, while her grandmother played for them on the piano. They sang as they danced. Senhor Vasco and Mr. and Mrs. Grayson sat at one side of the room watching the children and the graceful old lady at the piano.

"To-morrow!" repeated the grown-ups, smiling as merrily as the little girls.

What was there in that one word to make everybody seem so happy? It was this: Joe and Carlos were expected home on the next day.

"If the Senhora is not too tired, I wish you would repeat that pretty dance," said Mr. Grayson. And then, just as the music started again, and the two little girls began to move around the room, the door opened and in bounded Joe and Carlos, with Mr. Joyce close behind them.

What a laughing and kissing and talking together there was for the next few minutes! The steamer had arrived ahead of time and Mr. Joyce, with the

help of the telephone, had learned that the Graysons were spending the evening at "The Palace."

"We will take everybody by surprise," he told the boys; and they hurried as fast as motor cars could take them, to Senhor Vasco's home.

"How tanned you are, Joe! You would almost pass for an Indian," said Lucy, getting the words in edgewise.

"And how big you've grown, Lucy!" said her brother.

"Polly is dreadfully lonesome—hasn't learned a new word since you went away," Lucy managed to say.

At the same time, Carlos was whispering in Theresa's ear, "I've missed you, little sister."

"Dear, dear brother," was the only answer, as Theresa kissed her brother's hand which she had been holding.

When the first excitement was over, the talk got straightened out. The boys began to tell the story of their adventures from the time they started up the Amazon.

"The steamer that took us," explained Carlos, "was not very large, but it carried thousands of pounds of salt beef to the settlements along the river banks."

"Such a big, beautiful river it is!" added Joe. "But what do you think! Its water is a dingy yellow color like pea-soup, because of the mud it brings along with it."

"Then I don't understand how it can look pretty," said Lucy.

"Just wait till you see the forests on either side, and the beautiful plants and flowers," Joe replied, enthusiastically.

"Indeed, yes!" cried Carlos. "In the first place, it is big and broad, and there are many beautiful little islands in it. But the shores! Think of it! Forests on either side of us at least a hundred feet high, with the trees tied together by a network of vines and air plants—some almost as fine and delicate as silken threads, some as thick and strong as tree-trunks. And blossoms everywhere—on the vines as they wind around the tree-trunks or stretch from one tree to another—even among the topmost branches."

"Jungles stretch back from the Amazon for several hundred miles on each side," added Joe, "and everything grows so fast there on account of the heavy rains, that if roads were made, they would be hidden from sight by tangles of weeds in six months."

"The Indians, in making their way in the forests," put in Carlos, "often carry hatchets with which to cut their way through the vines and brush."

"I thought I knew a good deal about palms before I left Rio," said Mr. Joyce, who had been listening to the boys with an amused smile, "but I have learned, while we were away, of new kinds as well as of many uses of the trees that I never heard of before. Why, the Indians in the Amazon's jungles

could not get along without the products of the palm-trees.

"To begin with, the palm-trees furnish fruit and oil—almost all the food the Indians need, except the flesh they get from wild animals. The rafters of their huts are made of the straight trunks of one kind of palm. The roofs are thatched with the leaves of another kind. The hammocks in which they sleep are woven out of palm fibers. The cradles their babies lie in are often made of spathes from a palm-tree. Ornaments which they wear on their heads are carved out of palm wood, while their odd, musical instruments are made from the stems of palm-trees.

"This makes me think of what we saw one evening," Mr. Joyce went on. "It was very dark. The sky was hidden by black clouds; not a star was in sight. The boys and myself were lying in our hammocks on the steamer-deck half asleep. Suddenly, as we rounded a bend in the river, a glare of light burst upon us from the shore, and sounds of weird music greeted our ears. And now we could see that some kind of a celebration was taking place. A hundred or more half-naked Indians were marching around a huge bonfire. Several of them were beating on drums, or playing on fifes. At a motion from their leader all stopped, then began to move again in a slow, solemn dance in and out among the trees."

"A solemn *dance!*" laughed Lucy. "That sounds funny."

"But it *was* solemn," declared Joe. "It almost made me shiver to watch it."

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

PILES OF RUBBER WERE READY FOR SHIPMENT DOWN THE AMAZON

"We heard many other strange sounds during those nights on the river," continued Mr. Joyce thoughtfully. "There were the cries of wild animals, for instance, that would not be at all pleasant to a lonely traveler in the forest. But we, safe on ship-board, could enjoy them because of their very strangeness."

"In the daytime, there was something interesting to see as well as hear every minute," added Joe eagerly. "Sometimes we were out in midstream making our way among beautiful little islands. Sometimes we lay close to one bank or the other, but there were always wonderful trees and flowers to look at; or the huts of Indians with naked children playing about and diving in the water; or strange birds and animals among the trees. And, say! We saw a real live river-cow! It was a clumsy thing, but it hurried to get out of the way of the steamer. The Indians eat the flesh and think it good, though it is tough and tasteless."

"They like a stew of nice fat lizards better, I'm sure." Carlos laughed.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Grayson, with a shudder.

"Dreadful!" said Lucy, making up a face.

"I can't bear to think of it!" said Theresa.

"All right. Then let's change the subject, and go back to the steamer," said Mr. Joyce. "Here we are on deck again, moving past the tall forests, from which hundreds of monkeys' faces are peering out at us. They look almost as wise as human beings, don't they? Ah! Now they turn their sharp eyes

away, and go on with their play. They hang from the vines stretching from tree to tree. They chase each other in sport. They make festoons of their own bodies joined together by their tails. We laugh at the merry sight."

"And then the parrots and macaws and paroquets!" exclaimed Carlos. "Sometimes it seemed as if the woods were full of them. They filled the air with their chatter. Such beauties as they were too, of red and gold, and other bright colors."

"I think you boys found the time to pass very fast," Mr. Joyce said with a smile.

"Too fast!" Joe declared quickly. "Why, we haven't *begun* to tell all that happened. We visited a cacao plantation. We saw the home of an Indian rubber gatherer and watched him tap the rubber-trees, and——"

"One thing at a time, my boy," interrupted Mr. Grayson. "Suppose you tell us first about the plantation."

"All right, sir." Trying to speak more slowly, Joe went on. "Our steamer had to stop at a station near a cacao plantation to leave some provisions, so we had time to land and go over to see it. The planter was a Portuguese and as kind as could be. He gave us mules on which we rode through the orchards. We must have seen thousands of cacao trees with bright green leaves, and fruit growing close to the branches."

"Are cocoa and chocolate made out of the dried fruit?" asked Lucy.

"No, you dear little goose." Joe laughed. "The fruit is bright yellow on the outside, with a white pulp inside; hidden in this pulp are about thirty brown seeds. After these have been separated from the pulp and dried, they are sent away to be made into cocoa and chocolate; some of them go to factories in Europe and the United States. The planter told us all about it. He said, too, that he and his family often get lonely, living far away from any town—and I don't wonder." Joe stopped, out of breath once more from talking so fast.

"Nor do I wonder," said Mr. Joyce. "One may sail for days on the Amazon and see only a few scattered villages on the banks, and these the homes of Indians."

"I should like well to hear about your visit to a rubber camp," said Senhor Vasco. "When I was a boy I took such a trip as yours, and was especially interested in the life of the rubber gatherers."

"Please, everybody," said Carlos, speaking quickly, "shut your eyes, so you can't see this brightly lighted room, and we can play we are aboard our steamer on the Amazon."

The boy looked from one to another as, laughing, all did as he asked. Then:

"Thank you," he said gravely. "Here we are sailing close to shore. We are moving slowly now, for we are going to stop at that little wharf with the station behind it where the rubber gatherers bring their loads to be shipped to Para.

"There are several dugouts made out of tree-

trunks along the banks. These belong to the Indians who have paddled down from their camps. Our steamer is going to stop here for several hours, so we get out and go into the station where we see piles of rubber ready for shipment. An Indian has just left his load and is about to go back to his camp. Mr. Joyce asks him if we may go with him and watch him gather rubber sap. He nods, and we follow him into his rough boat.

"After paddling some distance, we land in front of a hut with a small clearing about it. Around this clearing is the blackness of the big forest."

Theresa and Lucy shuddered.

"The Indian's wife and children come out of the hut to greet us. They look at us curiously, for they have probably seen few white people in their lives.

"But we do not stay here long. The Indian goes into a shed next the house and gets a hatchet and some tin cups. Then he motions to us to follow him into the forest. The path is narrow. More than once we trip over a tangle of vines and brush. We soon come to a straight tall tree before which the Indian stops. Near the ground the bark is black and scarred, but farther up it is smooth and silvery. We know at once that this is the precious rubber-tree.

"The Indian takes his hatchet and cuts into the bark. Something like thick milk begins to flow. The man now fastens one of the tin cups below the cut, so the sap can run into it. He makes several other cuts, under each of which he fastens a cup. Then he motions to us to follow him once more till he comes

to another rubber-tree, where he does what he did to the first one. So on he goes, and we after him, though we find it hard work.

"At last we turn back, making our way under trees from whose branches monkeys are looking down at us. Suddenly something heavy falls to the ground close beside us. We jump back in fright; then we laugh at ourselves, as we see what it is. Yet it might have hurt badly if it had struck one of us."

"But what is it? An animal?" cried Theresa.

"No; only a Brazil nut. But it is hard, and big as a baseball. If we stop to open it we would find it full of smaller nuts—the nice little three-cornered ones we like to crack and eat at home." Carlos came to a sudden stop. Then he continued, "I'm tired! Mr. Joyce, won't you or Joe take us through the rest of the day?"

"I enjoy best to listen to-night," Mr. Joyce replied with a smile. "I think Joe will be willing to finish the story."

Joe, who had really been eager to speak for some time, took up the thread without delay.

"We hurry back along the path because a storm has suddenly arisen. We catch a glimpse of a sloth hanging upside down on the low limb of a tree. It is half asleep, and does not seem to notice that the branch is shaking in the wind, and is likely to fall off. Lazy, stupid thing, it cannot hurry. If it were on the ground it could not travel more than six yards in a whole hour.

"Still we hurry on. We notice a big snake coiled

around a tree-trunk, with its shining eyes fastened on a bird overhead. The bird cannot move for fright. Poor thing! The snake will soon be devouring it."

"Oh-h!" said Theresa in pity.

"The path is now hidden by the darkness of the storm. But the Indian can still find his way, and we follow close at his heels. We reach the hut, drenched through from the rain that is falling thick and fast. We hurry inside, to find the hut shaking from the force of the wind. Every moment it seems to us as if it would fall to the ground, yet the Indian's wife does not seem scared. She is used to such storms, and she goes on getting dinner ready for her family. She invites us to eat with them. We are hungry, but when we find a dish of stewed monkey before us, we find it hard to swallow.

"Still the wind howls, and we hear the sound of falling trees nearby. It is hard to think of anything but the storm, but we try to listen as the Indian tells us of the jaguar and other fierce creatures of the forest. He describes a strange army that he once met——"

"An *army!*" exclaimed Senhora Vasco.

"Yes, dear Senhora, and there were millions in that army."

"Millions!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Yes, millions." Joe smiled mischievously. "This army"—he spoke slowly—"was made up of ants. Straight ahead they marched, laying the

ground bare in their pathway. All the creatures of the forest, big and little, fled before them."

"I'm glad I wasn't there," said Theresa.

"And I," echoed Lucy.

"The Indian also told us stories of his hunts after wild animals, and how pleased his children once were when he brought home a paca, and his wife cooked it for them. No doubt it was as great a dainty to them as a rich cake is to us."

"A paca?" questioned Mrs. Grayson.

"It is a small animal much like a rat, only larger," explained Senhor Vasco.

"Ugh!" cried his mother, shuddering at the thought of eating a paca.

"The talk is so interesting that the storm stops without our noticing it," Joe went on. "But Mr. Joyce must have been watching. 'Come, we must get back to the steamer,' he says, 'or it will be sailing away without us.' After that we stay in the camp just long enough to look into the shed, where the Indian points to a big bowl nearly full of rubber sap. 'I make a fire of palm nuts,' he tells us. 'Thick smoke rises from the fire. I dip a broad paddle into the sap. It sticks to the paddle which I whirl about in the smoke. The rubber grows thick and black. Again I put the paddle into the bowl of sap and then I whirl the paddle in the smoke. So on and on till a big lump of rubber—six pounds maybe—has formed about the paddle. I cut it off with my knife. It is ready to be shipped to the big city.'

"But we must not stay another minute. The In-

dian's son paddles us back to the steamer and we quickly lose sight of the rubber gatherer's little home. But in our last glimpse of him, he is going into the forest again with a large gourd, to fill it with the sap that has run into the tin cups during the day."

"I am glad I left the story to you boys," said Mr. Joyce. "You have told it well."

"Indeed they have," said Senhora Vasco. "Why, it seems as if we had all been with you."

"Dear, dear!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Grayson, as he looked at the clock. "Half-past eleven! I doubt if Joe and Lucy ever before sat up so late. We must go home at once, and leave the hearing of more adventures till another time."

As the older people bade each other good night, Senhor Vasco said in a low voice: "My mother and I are grateful to the United States for giving us such good friends. My children, especially, are very happy. They have gained a brother and sister."

As he spoke, the kind gentleman's eyes turned in the direction of the young folks. Joe's arm was resting lovingly on his boy chum's shoulder. Lucy and Theresa were kissing each other as tenderly as if for a long absence.

"My husband and I are equally grateful to Brazil," replied Mrs. Grayson earnestly. "And for the same reason."

"Good little Americans, all four of them," said Mr. Joyce. At the same time he nodded smilingly at the children, and added, "And they are better for knowing each other."

PART II

ARGENTINA AND ITS PAMPAS

CHAPTER I

PEEPS AT URUGUAY

"BRAZIL is the best ever," said Joe, stroking Polly's feathers as she roosted on his shoulder.

"Best ever," echoed the bird.

"What good times we've had since we came here!" Lucy drew a long breath of delight at the thought, and then her mother entered the room breathless, with cheeks as rosy as the children's, and eyes like bright stars.

"What *is* the matter, Mummie dear?" cried Joe, and followed with, "Have you got a letter of good news? Are some of the home folks coming?"

Mrs. Grayson shook her head.

"But it's good news for you children," she said as she got her breath. "Your father has telephoned to me that it is all settled. He has had a long talk with Senhor Vasco and given his consent."

The twins looked puzzled.

"Consent to what?" asked Joe.

"Our good friend wants you both to——" the dear lady stopped because of a queer little lump in her throat. Then she went on, "go with him and Theresa on a long journey."

"A long journey!" cried the twins together.

"Yes. You know he has decided to retire from business; but he is restless at the thought of so much time on his hands, and wishes to travel. His mother is not able to go, but he wants to take the children for a trip into other countries of South America. He invites you to join them—me, too, but I couldn't leave your father for so long."

"O Mummie! you *must* go," begged Lucy.

"No, my darling, but I can't be selfish and deprive you of such an opportunity. Miss Lee, however, has agreed to take my place."

"But isn't Theresa's governess going too?" asked Lucy.

"No; she told Senhor Vasco last week that she will soon be married, and so must give up her work. Miss Lee, however, is pleased at the idea of going and is quite ready to take charge of you all."

"I just love Senhor Vasco," said Lucy enthusiastically.

"He's a regular trump!" added Joe. "When are we to start?"

"As soon as everything can be got ready. You see you are to be away a long time."

"We'll write long letters and tell you about everything we see," said Lucy, giving her mother a big hug.

Thus the matter was settled The next few days were so busy that, as Lucy said afterward, they went by like a dream. Then, one bright clear morning in August a big ship sailed out of Rio's harbor and on it went a party of sightseers bound for Argentina.

On sped the ship past the noble mountains, and out into the big ocean where Joe and Carlos quickly sighted a whale blowing in the distance. Then southward it moved for hours till the pilot made a sudden turn to the west.

"We will soon reach Montevideo, the capital of the little republic of Uruguay," Senhor Vasco told the children. "The ship will stop there long enough for us to see the city; then we will cross the La Plata river and settle down for several days in Buenos Aires, the largest city in Argentina and in fact in all South America."

"That must be Montevideo now," cried Carlos, looking through a small telescope his father had brought along.

"Monte-video—that means, 'I see the mountain,' " said Joe, turning to Miss Lee. She nodded her head but said thoughtfully, "The mountain behind the city that gave it the name is scarcely more than a hill."

"It's a pretty harbor," said Lucy, as the ship made its way inside.

"It's shaped like a horse-shoe," said Theresa, who had been silently looking.

"There are so many different flags on the vessels anchored here, it seems as if all the countries in the world must be represented," said Miss Lee.

"There's our own red, white and blue ahead of us. Hurray!" shouted Joe.

A moment afterward, the ship came to a standstill. It was almost instantly surrounded by small boats, all of whose owners seemed anxious to secure

passengers for the shore. Senhor Vasco chose a boat with two jolly-looking rowers, who soon landed the travelers at a big wharf.

"Now we can set about 'doing the city,' " declared Carlos, and the twins laughed at their friend's using American slang.

"How clean everything looks!" said Miss Lee, as the party reached one of the main streets.

"And what big buildings—it makes me think of New York," added Joe.

"Look quick, everybody, at these funny carts drawn by mules," broke in Lucy. "What big, clumsy wheels they have!"

"The noise they make is enough to give one a headache," Miss Lee declared, with a smile that showed they had not made her head ache yet, at any rate.

"We will take a car that will carry us out of this noisy quarter," said Senhor Vasco, who had been in Montevideo a few years before. "Ah! the very one we need is coming now."

Shortly afterward the travelers were whirling past big blocks, and lovely squares in which they caught glimpses of beautiful plants and trees and marble statues.

"Not as many palms here as in Rio," remarked Lucy.

"Look, do look!" whispered Carlos, nudging Joe. A young girl was standing in the open window of a house which the car was passing. She did not move; she was staring at a richly-dressed young man on the

Courtesy of Clayton Sedgwick Cooper

FISHERMEN GO INTO THE LA PLATA RIVER ON HORSEBACK WITH NETS

sidewalk, and he was also standing still and staring at her.

"They are making love to each other," Carlos continued. "Father has told me about this queer, Uruguay fashion. Perhaps the young man has been standing there for hours. It is his way of telling the girl he is in love with her. He probably feels happy because she has opened the window and keeps looking at him. It is her way of saying: 'I think you are very nice. Go to my father and ask if he will let you marry me.' "

"Hm! It's a sort of a game, isn't it?" Joe was grinning.

"Yes, and it has a name—it is called 'playing the dragon.' "

"What a beautiful house—it's a regular palace!" said Lucy from the seat behind the boys. The car was now moving through the suburbs where the wealthy people of Montevideo have their homes. The house, made of cement, was decorated with frescoes. There were tall trees and lovely gardens about it. The shades were drawn as if the owners were away.

"That may be the house of a rich cattle-raiser," suggested Senhor Vasco. "As spring opens, he and his family probably leave this mansion to spend the summer on their ranch in the country. Very likely there are floors and pillars of marble in this city home."

"Ugh!" Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Marble floors may make it seem like a palace, but they can't be cosy in winter."

"Quite true, Joe, especially where there are no stoves to warm the high-ceilinged rooms. The people of Uruguay have an idea that the only healthful heat comes from the sun. So—this will make you smile—the ladies here often receive their callers in winter with hot-water bottles at their feet and heavy cloaks about their shoulders."

"How queer some people are!" said Lucy.

"And how queer my stomach feels," said Theresa quite seriously.

Every one laughed.

"You are hungry, little daughter," said Senhor Vasco with a smile, "and in that case we'll change over into the next car headed for the city and get dinner at one of the best hotels."

Miss Lee, as well as the children, was pleased at the idea—still more so, when a half hour later they were busy eating a dinner of the choicest things the city could offer.

"I guess the people here have much the same tastes as Brazilians," remarked Joe in a low tone. "Several of those around us have ordered jerked beef."

"Well they may," said Senhor Vasco. "Uruguay is a cattle country; it dries millions of pounds of beef a year for other lands, besides immense quantities that are eaten by the people here.

"I would like to take you about the country," he continued, "but I have already planned to visit so many places before our journey is over, that I fear we must slight Uruguay this time."

"If we only had an aeroplane we could see a great deal in a single day," said Joe.

"If!" Carlos laughed.

"See here!" Senhor Vasco's eyes twinkled. "While we are eating this delicious pineapple pudding, there's nothing to hinder our skimming over the little republic in a *thought* aeroplane, anyway."

The children nodded their heads in delight.

"Here we go, then; make up your minds not to feel dizzy. Ah, as we rise, you can get a good view of the Paris of South America, as the people here call their city. Below us is the Solis Theater spreading over two acres. Three thousand people can sit in it at one time."

"Whew!" exclaimed Joe.

"And now we can get a good view of the grand cathedral and the museum, and—yes, that is the big university."

"I can see a procession of young men leaving the building," said Carlos, entering into the fun of make-believe.

"Now then, away we sail—so fast that you must hold on tight—over many miles of fresh green plains where thousands of horses and cattle are feeding. Do you see that mud hut? It is the home of a cattle man. His children are playing nearby; they must live almost as wild a life as the cattle."

"Two of the boys are riding horses bareback; I guess they are racing with each other," said Joe, with eyes that tried to look serious.

"As we fly onward," continued Senhor Vasco, "we

notice a few towns, but they are small and far apart. Montevideo is, in fact, the only real city in Uruguay. It is a busy one because it is the port from which are shipped all the beef and hides and beef-extract sent to other countries. Oho! This reminds me that we must get a glimpse of Fray Bentos. Here it is, with its large buildings, to which thousands of cattle are driven every year to be killed, and what for? That millions of pounds of beef may be obtained for making beef tea."

Theresa shuddered. She was thinking of the poor animals which had to be killed that sick human beings might gain strength.

"As we leave Fray Bentos behind us," Senhor Vasco went on, "we find ourselves near a factory town. Great quantities of dried beef are prepared here. But dear me!" He had taken out his watch and was looking at the time. "We must get back to Montevideo at once, as our steamer will leave in an hour."

"I like to ride in an aeroplane," said Lucy, when the merry party was soon afterward settled in a little steam launch to be carried out to the ship.

"But the whirring sound makes me nervous," Miss Lee smiled; "and my ears feel queer when I am as high up in the air as we were a little while ago."

The others laughed at her entering into the fun so heartily.

"And now for Buenos Aires!" cried Joe delight-

edly, as the launch drew up beside the big steamer. "There'll be plenty to see there, I'm sure."

As the ship steamed out into the muddy, yellowish water of the La Plata river, Miss Lee told the children that English people often called it the River Plate.

"On the map of my geography it looks almost all mouth," said Lucy.

"Like a sculpin," suggested Joe.

By this time the ship had begun to rock and plunge, for the water was getting rougher every minute.

"I think—I—feel—a bit queer," said Miss Lee faintly. The young girl's face was a grayish white.

"You must be seasick. Let me lead you to your stateroom," said Senhor Vasco.

"River-sick, I should say," said Joe, turning to the other children. "But, Lucy, what's the matter with *you*?"

"The ship seems to be going round." As Lucy spoke she leaned limply against the deck-rail.

"Well, I never! You sailed down through the Atlantic all right, and now——" Joe's mouth twitched with a longing to laugh. He did not finish the sentence, for he saw that his sister was in real distress.

"Here, take my arm, twin dear, and we'll follow Miss Lee double quick," he said. "I'll be back again in a minute," he promised Carlos and Theresa, who seemed to be actually enjoying the rocking of the ship.

CHAPTER II

NEW SIGHTS

"LAST night was the longest I ever knew," declared Lucy. The little girl was standing with Senhor Vasco and Theresa on the upper deck of the steamer. She was still a little pale, but her eyes were as bright and her dimples as deep as usual.

"Seasickness is just terrible while it lasts," she continued, "but now it's over, it doesn't seem as if it could have been real."

"And before us is something that *is* real," said Senhor Vasco with a smile. "In this morning sunlight Buenos Aires certainly looks beautiful."

"Isn't it funny?" said Joe, coming up with Carlos and Miss Lee. "The captain just told me that the people of Buenos Aires call their city the Paris of South America, just as the people of Montevideo do theirs."

"The two cities are jealous of each other," said Senhor Vasco. "Perhaps it is because Uruguay was once a part of Argentina."

"The Spaniards discovered Buenos Aires," Carlos explained to the twins, "and they must have found the air good here or they would not have named the city as they did."

"I see—*Buenos Aires* means *good airs,*" said Lucy, thinking aloud.

"And it's the biggest city in South America," said Theresa; "bigger even than our dear Rio."

The steamer was now so near the shore that many sky-scrapers and elevators could be plainly seen, as well as wharves crowded with busy workmen.

"There are many English people in Buenos Aires, which they often call B. A. for short," explained Senhor Vasco. "A great many of them carry on a big trade with other countries, sending millions of pounds of beef and thousands of hides from this port every year, besides great quantities of grain."

"Look! look!" cried Joe, pointing to some elevators, whose long tongues were pouring wheat into the holds of ships drawn up below them.

"That wheat was raised on the plains of Argentina and is now going out to feed rosy-cheeked boys and girls in other lands," Miss Lee told the children.

"We're close to the wharf now," said Theresa excitedly.

"There goes the gangplank," said her brother. "We must hurry and get into line."

In the midst of the bustle which followed, Lucy got a chance to whisper to Joe, "Carlos is getting real American. Six months ago he never would have thought of hurrying, for the best thing in the world."

As Senhor Vasco led the way to a motor car, Miss Lee cried out at the noise of the city. "The clank-

ing and screeching of the overhead railroad is quite dreadful," she declared.

"And what narrow, crowded streets!" said Theresa.

"Plenty of policemen to keep order," added Carlos. "They seem to be everywhere."

"Funny little fellows—almost as dark as Indians," remarked Joe. "They wear odd uniforms, too—white gaiters and wands, with blue suits."

"They are, no doubt, partly Italian or Spanish and partly Indian," commented Senhor Vasco. "There are, I believe, thousands of Italians as well as the Spaniards and English people in the city. Nearly every one here speaks Spanish, however."

As he spoke, the motor car came to a standstill in front of a hotel and the driver sprang out to help the party alight.

After a few minutes spent in their rooms "freshening up," the travelers went to the dining-hall, where Joe declared he was so hungry he could eat an ox.

"Or a part of one, at any rate, like the little girl at the next table," said Miss Lee. "She has a large portion of boiled beef before her and it seems to be rapidly disappearing."

"I've changed my mind, and will order roast lamb, with cheese and macaroni," said Joe, after looking over the bill of fare.

"That's an Italian dish. I suppose it's to suit the taste of the Italians here," said Miss Lee.

"I shall order fresh roasted armadillo," decided Senhor Vasco.

"I, too," said Lucy, always ready for something new.

"And I, the same," said Theresa and Carlos.

"It's *so* good," agreed the children after tasting the tender white meat. "And much like broiled chicken!" added Lucy.

The dessert proved to be equally delicious. "These preserved pears with flower-shaped cakes couldn't be beaten," said Joe.

"Such pretty cakes are almost too nice to eat," said Theresa.

"Nevertheless, they are getting out of sight pretty fast." Carlos laughed as he spoke.

As the party left the dining-room, Senhor Vasco explained that he had to attend to a little business that afternoon, but he had engaged a young Italian guide to show Miss Lee and the children around the city. "The hotel proprietor," he said, "recommends the youth as quite trusty; so, as soon as you are ready, Beppo will take you to see the sights."

A half-hour later, a slim lad of sixteen, with olive skin and soft dark eyes, was conducting the pretty governess and her four charges past rows of brick or cement buildings, whose front walls were ornamented with scrolls and roses and other designs.

"You will notice many beautiful doors," said the young guide. "They came from across the great ocean. This is because there is little building-wood in Argentina—little stone either. Sometimes out

on the pampas''—the boy pointed westward toward the great plains—''people raise peach-trees for kindling-wood, because these trees will grow on our soil. It often happens that there is so much fruit, it falls to the ground only to lie there and rot, or else it is given to the pigs.''

''What a pity! There would be some lively picking if I were around,'' said Joe. ''I never yet got tired of eating peaches.''

''Ah! here we are in the Plaza de Mayo,'' said the young guide. ''You will think it beautiful. It has its name, Mayo, in honor of the month when our people began their fight for freedom against the rule of Spain. Not long afterward we became a republic.''

While the youth talked, he pointed out the cathedral on one side of the square, saying it would hold nine thousand people; he also showed the big building in which the President of Argentina attends to most of the country's business.

''Now, perhaps you would like to go to the city market,'' he said.

As the party neared the market, they passed two men with heavy packs fastened on their backs with ropes.

''Those men are porters,'' explained Beppo. ''There are many of them in the city and almost all came from Spain.''

''They still dress in Spanish fashion,'' said Carlos. ''Their short jackets and the gay sashes wound around their waists tell that.''

"Look, look!" cried Joe. "There's a man driving a flock of turkeys right through the street."

"He must have got them at the market," explained Beppo, "and is going to peddle them from house to house."

When the sightseers had entered the market, they saw stalls filled with fresh and dried beef, and quantities of fruit and vegetables.

"Not as fine fruit as at home," Carlos said to his sister.

Beppo heard him. "In the spring," he said quickly, "our fruit is not so plentiful as by-and-by. Then, what beau-ti-ful grapes and peaches and pears!" The lad drew out the word *beautiful.*

He now pointed to a pile of armadillos whose shells looked much like those of turtles; they had funny little eyes.

"I have caught many armadillos when I was at home on the pampas," said Beppo. "One must get them at night because they stay in their holes all day. But when the dark comes they creep out in search of fruits and roots."

Before leaving the market the party passed stalls filled with live chickens which filled the place with their noisy squawking. Miss Lee drew a sigh of relief on reaching the outside air.

"We will now, if you like, take a car for the Calle Florida," said Beppo. "It is the fashionable shopping street, and as it is nearly five o'clock, it is the time when the ladies of the city walk there freely.

Photo by E. M. Newman

THE CONGRESSIONAL BUILDING AT BUENOS AIRES, BY NIGHT

If they went out earlier, they would be much stared at."

When the sightseers got out of the car at the Calle Florida, they found the sidewalks crowded with people. They managed to see, however, that many of the stores were beautiful. Joe came to a standstill in front of a large window.

"What brilliant diamonds and rubies and sapphires!" he exclaimed.

To please him, Miss Lee stepped up to his side to examine the gems. An instant afterward, as she turned around, she cried, "Where's Theresa?"

The little girl was nowhere in sight.

"Dear! dear!" Miss Lee wrung her hands in fright at the thought of timid little Theresa lost in the crowd of strange people.

"Step inside this store, lady—quick," said Beppo. "I go at once after her."

"Joe and I will go in one direction, you in the other," said Carlos promptly. He spoke quietly, but his eyes showed he was worried for his sister's safety.

The next five minutes seemed like hours to Miss Lee and Lucy as they stood watching from inside the store.

"Suppose Theresa's been run over!" suggested Lucy with a lump in her throat.

"Or kidnapped," thought Miss Lee in agony. And then, as she began to tremble with fear, Beppo appeared with Theresa, out of breath and trembling, but quite safe.

"Now I go after the boys," said the young Italian quickly.

By the time the boys had been brought back, Theresa had regained her breath enough to explain how she had got astray. As the others turned to look in the jeweler's window, she had caught sight of the candies in a confectioner's store just beyond. "They were beautiful candies," she said, "shaped like prickly pears and plums and peaches, and then—and then—I looked around and couldn't see any of you, and I was so scared!" At this she began to cry. "I didn't know what to do," she went on between her sobs. "People in the crowd began to look at me, and a fierce-looking man stepped up and asked if I was lost. I didn't answer, but hurried away through the crowd and up the street, hoping to catch up with you."

"You are safe now, my darling," said Miss Lee, "and I shall take care you are not away from my side again so long as we are in this city."

When the sightseers got back to the hotel they found Senhor Vasco waiting for them, as well as letters from the dear ones in Rio.

"I have pleasant news," said Senhor Vasco gaily. "One of the first persons I met this afternoon was an English friend, Mr. Wolfe, whom I had not seen for many years. He owns an estancia out on the pampas, but he and his family spend their winters here in Buenos Aires. He has promised to call on us with his wife and son this evening."

"That will be delightful," said Miss Lee, and the children nodded their heads in agreement.

"What is an estancia?" Lucy asked Carlos, as his father turned to read the evening newspaper.

"It's Spanish for what you Americans would call a big farm or ranch," he answered. "Let's play dominoes while we are waiting for the company," he proposed. The children gathered round the table for the game and Miss Lee settled herself to write a letter. She did not have a chance to finish it, however, before Mr. Wolfe arrived with his wife and son.

The callers did not stay very long, because they felt the travelers must be tired after the day's excitement.

"But they are perfectly lovely," declared Lucy, after they had gone.

"I like their son James—he's a chummy sort of boy," chimed in Joe.

"How kind they were to ask us all to visit them for a week," said Miss Lee. "I felt acquainted with Mrs. Wolfe at once. Perhaps it was because of her sad smile. How she must miss the little daughter she lost last year!"

"Off to bed, young folks," said Senhor Vasco. "Then you will be fresh for an early start to-morrow for our friends' home. Their motor car will come for us at nine o'clock."

"I'm half asleep now," said Carlos, whose eyes had been blinking for some time.

"And I am three-quarters," mumbled Theresa,

who had been dozing against Miss Lee's shoulder during most of the call.

The good-nights were said speedily and the young travelers started for Dreamland with little more delay. It was, therefore, not strange that nine o'clock next morning found them ready and waiting for their friends' car, which arrived shortly afterward.

A half-hour later it brought them to a pretty cement villa shaded by tall eucalyptus and acacia trees. Mrs. Wolfe and her son James were already standing in the doorway to welcome their guests. The English lad immediately took possession of Joe and Carlos and carried them off for a game of tennis in the court behind the house. Mrs. Wolfe was soon planning with Miss Lee for the next few days. Her visitors, she said, must, of course, go to Palermo Park and the Botanical Gardens. They must also ride out to La Plata and see the treasures in the Zoological Gardens there.

A week flew by "like the wind" for the children. Joe discovered to his delight that James liked football as well as he did, and that he also played the English games, cricket and polo, which the American lad wished to learn.

"If you will come out to visit us on our estancia," James told him, "you can have a fine chance to learn polo, because we have ponies there." Joe answered with a whistle of longing.

In the midst of the good times, Lucy managed to write a long letter to her mother, which she ended by saying:

Mrs. Wolfe is just spoiling Theresa and me. She gives us everything nice she can think of, and she takes us riding every day. There isn't any time for study, but we are learning a great deal, just the same.

Oh, I wish you could have gone with us to Palermo Park. It is ever so big and it's just *beautiful.* There are long avenues of palms, and little streams, and pretty lakes on which I saw children rowing about. Other children were playing on the grass—some of them Italian, some Spanish, and some English.

I must not forget to mention the race-course at Palermo Park, where we saw ever so many handsome horses. The people in this city are *crazy* over racing, as Joe says.

But the Botanical Gardens! They are wonderful. I saw trees and plants there that grow in almost every part of the world. One of the strangest trees of all is the ombu which grows best on the pampas. Its branches and even its roots which often stick out of the ground, are twisted into shapes that make one think of queer-looking beasts. The trunk is hollow, and if you should press your finger hard against it, you would find it soft like pulp.

I've so much more to tell you, but I must stop now. Mrs. Wolfe is calling to me to get ready for a ride to La Plata. So good-by, with my dearest love to you and Daddie and Senhora Vasco.

LUCY.

P.S. Joe will write to Daddie this evening. Does Polly seem lonesome?

CHAPTER III

OFF TO LA PLATA

"I AM glad you can take a day off from business," Mrs. Wolfe told her husband, as the pleasure-seekers settled themselves in a comfortable train bound for La Plata. "It is so good to have you with us also," she added, turning to Senhor Vasco. "Ever since you came, you have been so busy seeing your men friends in the city that we ladies have had little of your company."

"I am indeed glad to be with you now," said the Senhor.

"I wonder if our friends have noticed what a fine car this is, and how smoothly it travels," said Mr. Wolfe, changing the subject. "We Argentines are proud of our railroads. One line, which has not been built many years, stretches across the country and even crosses the Andes. I fancy"—he smiled at the little girls as he spoke—"the wild creatures of the pampas were scared when the first trains whizzed past them with their shrieking engines. It had been pretty quiet till then."

"Were there herds of buffalo, such as used to wander over our great plains?" asked Joe.

"No, but there were thousands of wild horses and

cattle, besides hares and armadillos, deer and polecats—yes, and jaguars and pumas sometimes left their mountain homes to steal over the pampas in search of prey."

"Who were the first white people in Argentina?" asked Lucy.

"The Spaniards," promptly replied Carlos. "A man named Solis sailed into the Rio de la Plata and visited the country nearby, but he died soon afterward. And then—and then——"

"And then came Sebastian Cabot," said James, quite ready to go on with the story. "He met Indians and looked greedily at their gold ornaments. 'Aha!' he thought, 'there must be rich mines in the country.' He set his men to search for the gold, and made a settlement on the big river. Then he went home to tell the king about his discovery.

"After that, more Spaniards came here, besides English and Portuguese. The different settlers quarreled with one another and with the Indians. After a while Juan Manuel Rosas was made governor of the country. He was very cruel to the people. Then came a better governor, but he wasn't *all* right. And at last there was a revolution, when Spain had to give up her rule and we became a republic. San Martin was the man who made this possible. He was one of the greatest heroes in the whole world!" James's eyes flashed. "He deserved every statue and monument that was built in his honor throughout the country. Do you know," the boy went on excitedly, "San Martin dreamed of

freeing *all South America*? He did succeed in making four republics—three besides our own."

"He hated injustice above all else," said Mr. Wolfe, smiling at his son's enthusiasm. "But now, my little friends, while talking about Argentina's great patriot, you must not miss the passing sights. I doubt if you ever saw so many cattle together as now, from this car window."

"This plain must be a sample of the pampas, about which I have read so much," said Miss Lee thoughtfully. "Not a hill in sight—scarcely a tree—nothing but grass as far as eye can see."

"When summer comes the grass will be so tall that you children could play hide and seek in it," said Mrs. Wolfe.

"Oh, see! There's a little mud hut with children running about in front of it!" cried Theresa. "What a lonely place to live in! I suppose that is the home of a cattle man, and those boys and girls stay there all the year round."

"Lonely! I think not," said Mr. Wolfe. "With ponies to train and ride bareback, and lambs to pet, and hunting, and helping their parents, I doubt if they have a moment in which to wish for a different kind of life."

"La Plata!" called the conductor.

The children started in astonishment. They had been so busy looking and talking, it did not seem possible that they had been traveling an hour.

"Now you shall see one of the newest and most beautiful cities of Argentina," promised Mr. Wolfe,

as the party left the train and entered a broad avenue.

"I feel as if I had entered the Kingdom of Sleeping Beauty," Lucy told her brother, as they fell into the rear. "It's so *still* here, and scarcely a person in sight."

"Yet it's the capital of the province," was the boy's answer, "and great sums of money, Mr. Wolfe said, have been spent on parks and palaces and grand public buildings. I declare, I begin to feel sleepy myself."

James, who had caught Joe's words, fell back beside the twins. "Many people who have government offices," he told them, "live in Buenos Aires, and come up here just to attend to business. It's a good place for the museum, though," the lad chuckled.

"Why?" asked Joe.

"Because it holds so many dead things—*awfully* dead, for they lived thousands of years ago. They are what people call prehistoric. Father is going to take us to see them now."

When the party arrived at the magnificent museum, Mr. Wolfe explained to his guests why it was so important. "In the long ago," he told them, "the ocean waves rolled over all Argentina, and the creatures of the sea were swimming over the plains where tens of thousands of cattle are now feeding. But when the waters first swept over the land they probably drowned herds of other creatures that were giants beside those we now know. At any rate, skele-

tons of immense animals have been found, and are now preserved in La Plata Museum."

The young visitors' eyes were big with wonder when they looked at the skeleton of a giant sloth.

"Not much like the one I saw on the banks of the Amazon," said Carlos. "That was a baby beside this one which could never have been able to climb down a tree backward." The boy laughed.

"It had no need to climb trees to get its dinner of leaves," said Mrs. Wolfe. "It could easily tear up a tree by its roots and then feast on the foliage at its leisure."

"Oo!" cried Joe, as he examined the shells of two immense armadillos. "One of those armadillos could have furnished meat enough for more than one Thanksgiving dinner."

"I have discovered some very interesting curiosities," said Senhor Vasco, suddenly appearing after being away from the rest of the party for some minutes. "Please come with me."

Every one gladly followed him till he stopped before some large cases containing queer tools and weapons, besides oddly shaped dishes and clothing.

"These show how the Indians lived before the white men came among them," said Mr. Wolfe. "Here, too, are pictures that make you see just how they worked and amused themselves."

"The Indians look fierce and cruel," said Lucy. "I'm glad they aren't alive now."

"There are plenty of wild Indians in Argentina

still," said James mischievously. "And not so very many hundreds of miles away either."

"Truly-ruly?"

"Truly-ruly, cross my heart, as you New Yorkers would say. They live in the Chaco, that stretch of wild country that reaches up into Paraguay, as well as into Brazil and Bolivia."

"I've heard a good deal about the Chaco Indians," said Carlos. "Some of them go about almost naked, and their homes are scarcely more than sheds with roughly thatched roofs. Then there are others who have no homes at all, but roam from place to place, sleeping at night under the trees. I don't believe there are any fiercer savages in South America."

"There is good hunting in the Gran Chaco," said Mr. Wolfe. "Plenty of peccaries and wild dogs, as well as jaguars and tapirs."

"I saw a peccary once at the circus," said Joe. "It looked like a pig."

"But *wild dogs!*" exclaimed Lucy. "I never heard of them before."

"You would hear them plainly enough if you were up in the Chaco and near a swamp some still night. Their shrill barking would make your head ache. And if they met you while creeping along to attack a sheep or cow to get a good meal, they would make short work of you."

Lucy shivered.

"Don't let my mischievous son scare you," said Mrs. Wolfe's cheery voice behind her. "We are at a safe distance from the Chaco; but if you were

really there, you might meet only the peaceful Indians who raise crops and whose wives keep house quite neatly. As for wild dogs, you might not hear a single one during your stay."

"We must start at once for the train," called Mr. Wolfe from the doorway. "I find we have scant time to catch it."

CHAPTER IV

OFF FOR THE PAMPAS

"BEPPO told me that his father works on a wheat ranch," said Joe.

All five children were standing at a window of the Wolfes' sitting-room, gloomily watching the rain, which was falling in sheets.

"We pass some big wheat ranches on the way to our estancia," replied James. "I have seen *regular mountains* of bags filled with wheat at the stations, waiting to be shipped. Ever so many Italians leave their homeland to raise wheat here. They hire some land, make mud and straw huts to live in, work hard, and save almost all the money they get from their harvests. Then back they go with their earnings to Italy—to live idly for the rest of their lives."

"If!" Mrs. Wolfe, who had entered the room unawares, said the word with a twinkle in her eyes.

"I know what you mean, Mother." James spoke quickly. "The farmers can be pretty sure of their crops if the locusts don't get them first, or if there is no drought."

"I've read something about those horrid locusts that fly in thousands," said Joe.

"Thousands? Billions, more likely!" exclaimed James.

"If you will sit down, children, perhaps I can help you while away this dreary morning by telling you about a war with locusts in which I had a share when a little girl."

"Good!" cried one after another, following Mrs. Wolfe's advice.

"I was spending the summer," she began, "with an uncle who had a big wheat farm. One morning I was feeling a bit lonely because I had no playmate. So, to amuse myself, I mounted to the top of a windmill to get a good look out over the broad fields of wheat—a beautiful green then, but if left to ripen it would change to a rich gold.

"Suddenly I saw some gulls flying about excitedly overhead; they moved now this way, now that, as if danger were near, but they did not know how to escape. What could be the matter? Aha! I quickly discovered a small cloud between the sun and myself; it was made up of shining specks; it moved fast.

" 'Locusts!' I said to myself, and hurried down to the ground, then onward to the house.

" 'They've come! they've come!' I shouted to my aunt, who was in the garden. I wrung my hands at the thought of a war with the locusts.

"During the next few days the cloud I had seen kept growing larger and coming nearer. Then, one morning, I woke up to find that the sky was nearly hidden from sight; the buildings on the farm seemed wrapped in a heavy fog.

"That fog—can you imagine it, children?—consisted of locusts, millions and millions of them."

"What happened?" asked Joe eagerly.

"Very little, at first. For the next few nights the locusts roosted quietly wherever they could get comfortable places. Then each morning they flew to the roads stretching through the estancia, and set to work."

"Work!" cried Lucy.

"Yes, my dear—hard work at that. The locusts used the two sharp jaws at the ends of their tails in digging holes in the earth big enough for them to creep inside to lay eggs."

"Why didn't your uncle and his men kill them?" asked Carlos.

"They did kill all they could by driving flocks of sheep over the ground to trample the insects, and they beat down the pests with iron flails. But alas! as fast as the roads were cleared of the swarms that had already settled there, other swarms arrived, and then others. It was an exciting time, yet not as much so as when the baby locusts began to hatch out—tiny brown things hopping, hopping everywhere, and so hungry they sometimes ate each other."

"Ugh!" cried the little girls, shrugging their shoulders in disgust.

"But the hot summer air, filled with such a horrid smell," Mrs. Wolfe went on, "was the hardest thing of all to bear. I hated to take a long breath.

"In the meantime the workmen were busy burning all the baby locusts they could, or in driving them into pits. Hawks and eagles sometimes helped by swooping down and devouring great numbers of the

insects. Yet still they were countless. At first they were like tiny brown caterpillars; afterward they changed into flying things with gauzy wings.

"How they ate! nearly everything green was devoured—fields full of alfalfa, the leaves of willows and acacias, the ripening crops of wheat, all except the foliage of a few ombu trees, which locusts will not touch.

"At last, when there was nothing more to feed upon, the swarms went on their way. 'No harvests this year,' said my uncle sadly, as he looked over the deserted fields. But I, being a little girl, was happy now that I was free to go outdoors once more. Never before had clear air and sky seemed so pleasant."

"Look! the rain has stopped," said James, running to the window. "What do you say, Mother, to our going to the Tigre this afternoon?"

"Exactly what I just thought of proposing," replied Mrs. Wolfe. "The river is beautiful at this time of the year; the peach and pear orchards will be in bloom; and if your father and Senhor Vasco go with us we can hire a launch and have a fine ride past lovely homes and vine-covered banks."

CHAPTER V

THE PARTING

WHY do you go to a private school, James, since you say the public ones in Buenos Aires are so good?"

"It's this way, Joe. I am out on our estancia three or four months of the year, and I can get along faster at a private school, when in the city. But say! I wonder if you would like to join in what the pupils in our public schools have to recite every day."

"What kind of things?"

"Oh, they must promise to love this country above everything else—even their parents."

"I'd never give my father and mother second place." Joe shook his head gravely.

"Then they must declare that Argentina is the finest country in the world."

"Hm! how do they know if they have never been anywhere else?"

James smiled and went on. "They must say they are proud of their country's having the grandest history in the world; and whenever General San Martin's name is spoken they bob up and bow, just as every one does when the National Anthem is sung."

"The bowing is all right, of course. Why, even in a theater at home every American stands up at the first note of *The Star-Spangled Banner.*"

"When I'm old enough I am going to the University here. It's one of the best in the world." James was really very proud of his adopted country, though he sometimes dreamed of going to England to live, when he should grow up.

The boys had not noticed the entrance into the room of Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe and Senhor Vasco, who now stood smiling at them.

"We have just made a plan," said Mr. Wolfe, as James finished the sentence. "Where are the little girls and Carlos? I want you all to hear it."

At Joe's call, the other children came hurrying in from the tennis court and five pairs of expectant eyes were directed toward Mr. Wolfe.

"Senhor Vasco," he now said, "proposes a trip down into Patagonia with you, Carlos and Joe, as it is the right season for roughing it; James is to help his mother and me in making it pleasant for Miss Lee and the little girls out on our estancia while you are away."

The children looked at the grown-ups and then at each other in astonishment and delight.

"Patagonia!" said Carlos at last, drawing a long breath. "What sport!"

"But the savages there! Cannibals, aren't they?" asked Lucy, with fearful eyes.

"Away down at the southern end with Cape Horn and its terrible storms not far away, there are some

fierce Indians, but not where we are going," said Senhor Vasco with a smile. "We shall rough it, however, and have the experience of lying in sleeping-bags all night under the stars."

"Oh!" cried James, looking enviously at his boy guests.

"We will take the trip some other time," comforted his father. "Just now your dear mother would worry if you were away from us." The kind gentleman's eyes were misty as he thought of the little daughter who had been taken away.

"We'll have a dandy time anyway, Lucy and Theresa," James said bravely. "I'll teach you to ride bareback and tame ponies."

"And Joe and Carlos will come back with much to tell us," said Theresa, who had not forgotten happy hours spent in listening to their stories of the Amazon.

Three days afterward, Senhor Vasco, with Joe and Carlos, had taken a little steamer bound for a port on the eastern coast of Patagonia, and the Wolfe family, with Miss Lee and her girl charges, were on their way to their estancia on the pampas.

"Baa, baa, black sheep," Theresa hummed to herself as she looked out of the car windows. As far as she could see, the wild plain was covered with sheep feeding on the tall grass.

"Have you any wool?" came a laughing voice in the seat behind her.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; a million bags full," she answered James as quick as a flash. There was no

doubt about it. Theresa was waking up under the influence of her lively little friends.

"Once in a great while we see a mud hut with a windmill close by. I suppose the hut is the home of a shepherd, and the windmill works the pump where the family gets water."

"Yes, and windmills are necessary in this part of the pampas because the streams are not plentiful," said Mrs. Wolfe.

"What a beautiful sight!" cried Miss Lee, drawing a long breath of delight. The train had passed the flocks of sheep, and now seemed to be moving through an ocean of grassy waves.

"Most of the pampas are like this," explained Mr. Wolfe. "However, there are stretches here and there where the ground is covered with shrubs and dwarf trees.

"Not many years ago," he went on, "no human beings except Indians and Gauchos roamed over these plains."

"What are Gauchos? Are they wild animals?" asked Lucy.

James put his hand to his mouth; he was trying to keep back a laugh.

Mr. Wolfe himself smiled as he answered: "Spaniards who came over here in the early days and followed the wild life of the Indians have always been called Gauchos. Many of them took Indian wives; their children and grandchildren are also called Gauchos. Their delight has always been in chasing on horseback the wild creatures that roamed as freely

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

ARGENTINA IS A GREAT SHEEP RAISING STATE

as themselves. They planted few gardens, and lived almost entirely on flesh. I fancy that they enjoyed a steak of horse-meat as much as you like a slice of beef."

"O Father," broke in James, "please tell our friends about the time when you were a boy and got caught out on the pampas far from home."

"That was a great experience," said Mr. Wolfe thoughtfully. "I had gone out hunting with an elder brother. We had ridden on and on, and were probably forty miles from home when a storm suddenly arose. The night was coming on; we had lost our reckoning; our clothes were drenched; our horses were worn out; every minute the darkness deepened.

"And then, to make matters still worse, my horse stumbled and fell. The poor beast had stepped into the burrow of a viscacha and broken his leg."

"A vis—ca—cha?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, the bothersome creatures are the dread even of Gauchos, fine horsemen as they are. Viscachas are no bigger than squirrels. They live in the holes which they dig in the ground, and which are hidden by the long grass. Such burrows are countless."

"What did you do?" asked Miss Lee pityingly.

"It seemed as if we were already human raindrops"—Mr. Wolfe laughed—"when my brother suddenly cried out, 'I see a light!' He pointed westward. 'That shines from the home of a Gaucho,' he declared hopefully.

" 'He may be no better than a savage Indian,' I

replied, for I had heard many stories of the fierceness and cruelty of Gauchos.

"'We'll soon find out,' was the answer; and my brother started off in the direction of the light, while I followed, leading my limping horse.

"We were still a good half-mile away from the hut, when a sound rang through the air that made me shudder. It was the cry of a wild-cat which must have crept down from its forest home on the western mountain slopes in search of prey on the pampas.

"I was a daring young fellow in those days, but that wild cry in the darkness did not sound inviting."

"How easily the creature could have sprung upon you from out of the tall grass!" Theresa cried excitedly.

"You may well believe we did not loiter," continued Mr. Wolfe. "After what seemed an endless time, we reached the hut in safety, to find a rough, wild host, but a kind-hearted one. His wife broiled some horse-flesh, from which her husband hacked off chunks with a big knife. He handed these to us to eat. As we sat hungrily devouring the meat, we heard a soft crow over our heads. What do you think! It came from a tiny black-eyed baby swinging from the low roof in a horse-hide cradle."

"The darling!" cried Theresa.

"After supper," Mr. Wolfe continued, "the Gaucho took down from the wall a roughly-made guitar, and sitting cross-legged on a pile of skins, played some of the wildest music I ever heard. After that

we all stretched out on some mats on the floor to sleep. I did not wake till near daybreak, and then——" Mr. Wolfe stopped suddenly.

"And then—please go fast, Father," said James, who knew what was coming.

"And then," Mr. Wolfe repeated, "it was because of something curling about my arm. I jumped up, to feel the clasp becoming tighter. My brother, now awake, quickly struck a match. Lo, my arm was in the grip of a huge snake, with wicked, glittering eyes. The next moment our host was at my side, and with his strong hand choking the throat of the unwelcome visitor."

"Oh-h!" gasped Lucy and Theresa together, closing their eyes as if to shut out the sight of the dreadful serpent.

"When the serpent had been disposed of," Mr. Wolfe went on, "the Gaucho went with me to look after my poor horse. She was suffering so much we saw there was only one thing to do—kill her."

"You and your brother had only one horse between you now and you were far from home," said Miss Lee seriously.

"Yes, but we bought another horse from the Gaucho for a few dollars. We soon started out, with our host and his wife and baby watching us from the doorway. I tell you what! He was a handsome fellow, with sharp black eyes, long black hair hanging about his dark face from beneath a broad-brimmed hat; high boots with silver spurs at the sides, full red

trousers, and a bright-colored cloak over his shoulders—he made a picture for an artist."

"Whew!" exclaimed James. "I wish I could have seen him."

"Such a one is not met often nowadays. The cattle men on my estancia are mostly Gauchos, but they dress much like other workmen and are no fiercer than our host of that stormy night, years ago."

"The next station is ours," said James joyfully.

The train had just stopped at a camp town made up of a few small sheet-iron buildings. There were neither trees nor gardens in sight. Outside it, in every direction, stretched the wide pampas.

"Not much excitement for the boys and girls who live here," said Lucy pityingly.

"Only horse-racing, and the pleasure of watching the people who ride in for supplies from distant estancias," replied James. "Everybody in this part of the country enjoys the races."

By this time the camp-town was already far behind and the travelers were busy putting on wraps and getting packages together to leave the train.

"Home again after six months!" cried Mrs. Wolfe joyfully, as the station came into view. "I do love the country life."

"And I." "And I," chimed in the others.

Sambo, a fine-looking negro, was waiting with a large covered wagon drawn by four horses. The fellow's face shone with delight at sight of his master and mistress; while in greeting James, his smiles reached from ear to ear. "Everybody on the place

has been up 'fore daylight to get ready for yo' comin','' he told the boy as they drove along.

On galloped the horses over mile after mile of dusty roads. The travelers passed big fields of wheat and flax and alfalfa, and still larger ones in which herds of cattle were feeding lazily.

''This is all our land,'' James proudly told his young friends.

''Everything we have passed on both sides of the road?'' asked Theresa.

''Everything, even the road itself,'' was the answer. ''You see, Father is what they call a cattle-king, while I''—the boy laughed—''am treated out here like a young prince.''

CHAPTER VI

NEW SPORTS

"MISS LEE! Miss Lee!" came a chorus of children's voices. The next moment the governess, who had been looking out of a window of the big beautiful living-room, found her young charges at her side.

"Do come out with us," begged Theresa. "James sent us in to get you. He wants to show you around."

"It's a great place—a regular village," put in Lucy. "Stores, houses, gardens, a blacksmith shop —and children, lots of them." The little girl's face was ablaze with happiness.

"We've got acquainted with the manager's little daughter already," said Theresa. "She's Spanish, and just my age, and she's ever so nice."

"We can't take you now, after all," said James, appearing in the doorway, "because dinner is ready. I think you won't be sorry, though, if you are hungry as I am."

They certainly were not sorry when they began to eat the food Mrs. Wolfe's cook had prepared. The soup was delicious; so were the roasted chicken with fresh vegetables, and a Spanish dish made of spiced beef that had been rolled up in the animal's skin

while being broiled. Best of all the good things, to the children's taste, was a rich and very sweet pasty.

After dinner James invited the little girls to go out pony-riding with him.

"What sport it is!" cried Lucy, as the children left the road and galloped over the grassy fields.

"Great fun!" called Theresa, a little way behind.

They had ridden for some time when James suddenly drew up his pony.

"I don't believe you ever saw a toad like that," he cried, pointing to one hopping on the ground beside him.

"How gaily colored its back is!" said Lucy, coming up, "and how funny it is!' She laughed as she looked down at the tiny creature blowing out its sides like a balloon, and looking angrily at the surprise party of children.

"It has a wicked temper," said James, laughing in his turn at the angry toad. "If either of you should jump down and put your fingers close to its mouth, woe be unto you, because of the sharp teeth ready to bite."

"Ugh!" said Theresa.

Lucy's eyes were already attracted to something else—a bird whose breast feathers were of a brilliant red. It reminded her of the robin redbreast of her homeland, but it was even more beautiful.

"Say, girls! don't let your ponies enter that patch of thistles," James called out a little later. As he spoke, he came to a stop beside the outermost ones. He had just discovered a pile of wet earth with a

hole in the top. Jumping down, he ran up to the mound and began kicking the earth about.

Lo! the next minute something greenish and lizard-like came creeping out and scuttled off among the thistles. It was an iguana, about four feet long.

James kept on digging and presently laid bare a nest of dry grass filled with tiny white eggs, at least thirty of them. And, wonder of wonders! three baby iguanas, with long tails and slender feet, were crawling about among the eggs.

"The poor mother is probably watching to see what I will do," said James. "I won't harm her children, though they may grow up to destroy birds' eggs by making holes in them and sucking out the insides. Iguanas even sometimes venture into our farmyard after hens' eggs. I once had a tame iguana for a pet, and used to catch flies and beetles for it to feast on."

"That's just what Carlos does for his iguana in Rio," said Theresa, as the children turned their ponies homeward.

They had almost reached the house when Theresa suddenly reined in her pony, exclaiming, "What's that?"

James, who was ahead as usual, wheeled round and looked down where Theresa pointed.

"Why, that must be a mataco," he said. "It's a kind of armadillo. See, it has rolled itself into a ball for safety. Matacos always do that when they think danger is near. With its head hidden and its jointed shell curled around, it now feels quite safe."

CHAPTER VII

BRANDING THE CALVES

"YOU are a good sport, Lucy, but I'm afraid Theresa might cry at seeing the red-hot iron brand a calf's hide. Really, though, it only hurts for a moment."

"I guess she'll be all right. She would feel bad if we didn't ask her anyway."

With these words Lucy ran upstairs and tapped softly at her little friend's door. Theresa was already dressed, though it was early morning.

"Of course I want to go if you do," she said with eyes full of excitement, as the two girls skipped down the stairs to join James.

The evening before they had heard the head cattle-man, or *capitaz*, as every one called him, tell Mr. Wolfe that a herd of "left-overs" were to be branded the next day. All the other calves had been marked in the winter. The children, of course, had immediately made up their minds that they must see the exciting work.

As they now stole out of the house where the grown-ups were still sleeping, they met the capitaz and his helpers on the way to the field where the calves to be branded had been gathered.

The capitaz was a handsome fellow, with black hair and eyes and a dark reddish skin that showed he was partly Indian. He wore wide, baggy trousers, a shawl tucked in at the waist, and a red cotton handkerchief tied about his neck. Wound around one hand he carried a lasso made of plaited leather.

After the workmen had entered the field James led the little girls to a slope behind it, where they would be quite safe, yet could see everything going on below them.

And now the capitaz mounted a horse which one of his assistants had brought for his use.

"There he goes!" cried Lucy.

The head man, with reins and whip in one hand and lasso in the other, was in pursuit of a calf. The next moment, the noose at the end of the lasso had fallen about the creature's horns, to be drawn tighter and tighter. The calf kicked and pulled, but the capitaz kept his hold.

"O dear, dear!" cried Theresa; but she grew quiet when James reminded her of a promise not to get excited.

By this time one of the helpers had run up to the capitaz, having already cast his own lasso so cleverly that it caught the calf's hind feet in its hold, and it was thrown to the ground. Quick as a flash, another helper ran up with a heated iron with which he branded the hide of the helpless animal. The lasso was now instantly loosened and the trembling, frightened calf was set free.

Photo from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

AN ARGENTINE COWBOY PREPARING LEATHER FOR A LASSO

"Oh-h!" gasped Lucy, much relieved. "Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough?" James burst out laughing. "For the rest of its days, every one who sees that calf will know who is the owner."

The children remained on the slope for some time longer, as one calf after another was caught and branded.

Only once did the capitaz make a mistake in casting his lasso. Then he let it fall about the calf's throat and it was almost strangled as the noose tightened from the creature's sudden plunge. Help came in time, however, though not before Theresa was crying bitterly.

"Branding cattle and breaking in horses are tame beside what I *have* seen," James told his little guests on their way home. They looked up in wonder.

"I'm thinking of the work of dehorning," he explained. "I don't like to watch that because I know it hurts the creatures badly."

Mrs. Wolfe and Miss Lee were in the doorway watching for the children.

"We have had breakfast already," said Mrs. Wolfe.

"And we are dreadfully hungry," said James. "But we have been so busy we haven't thought about breakfast before."

When the meal was over, the children went for a game of tennis, which Theresa could now play quite well. Then, tired from the exercise, they went in to rest and read in the library. A map of Argentina

hanging on the wall caught Lucy's eyes, and she began to study it.

"What a big country it is!" she said, half to herself.

James, though his head was buried in a book, heard her.

"Hm! I should say so," he said with pride. "Notice what a long stretch it has from away down there near the Strait of Magellan where the ice lasts all the year, to the warm sugar lands in the north, and the Chaco that reaches away up into the country of Paraguay. And then all through the middle lie the pampas."

"Your father told me that Argentina raises more flax than any other country in the world, while it stands second in wheat-raising," said Theresa.

"I know it." Again James spoke proudly. "But say, girls, when I spoke of the Chaco a minute ago, it made me think of our talk at La Plata Museum. Do you remember it?"

"Indeed I do," Lucy answered promptly.

"And I too," spoke up Theresa, who had just finished a fairy story and was now ready to talk.

"Sometime I am going to Paraguay with Father," James went on. "It's a fine trip up the Parana and Paraguay rivers. One can see ever so many strange sights there, from the alligators along the banks of the streams to the ghost-women at the market-places of the towns."

"The ghost-women?" cried Lucy and Theresa together. James's eyes twinkled mischievously.

Just then came a call. "Time for another meal, little folks," and James led the way to the dining-room.

As the children sat eating, Lucy kept making signs across the table to James. She was mutely asking him to explain what he had said in the library. His only answer was a knowing smile.

When dessert was served, every one chose oranges.

"I never tasted more delicious ones than these," declared Miss Lee, as she opened the large one on her plate. "They are so sweet and juicy."

"We get them from Paraguay," said Mr. Wolfe; "and I believe no country in the world raises better ones."

"When I think of Paraguay," said Mrs. Wolfe, "I see not only vast orange orchards, but forests in whose shade maté shrubs are growing abundantly."

"What a refreshing drink maté is!" said Miss Lee. "I know that Paraguay is its home, but it is also raised, as you doubtless know, in southern Brazil."

"We Argentines could scarcely get along without it," said Mr. Wolfe. "We use seven times as much maté as coffee. As for the working people, it frequently takes the place of breakfast. Few of the laborers on this estancia eat any food before ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. A gourd full of maté drunk on rising makes a man feel strong and ready for any task."

"I will never forget the first maté I drank," said Lucy. "It seemed so queer to draw it into my mouth

through a long tube. It was hotter than I expected and burned my mouth, and it was so bitter I didn't wish to taste any more for weeks. But now I like it. So do Mother and Father and Joe."

"When I visited Paraguay," said Mr. Wolfe, "I met many a long mule-train carrying maté to the coast for shipment, and once I came upon a place back in the country where the maté shrubs were growing in the shade of tall trees. There, in the wilderness, Indians were busily chopping off the branches and carrying them to drying houses. The roofs of the houses consisted of poles twisted together; the floor beneath was of smooth, hard clay.

"As fast as the bundles were brought in, they were handed to other workmen who wove them among the poles of the roof; then a low fire was started on the clay floor and kept burning till the leaves overhead were thoroughly dry. After that they were brushed down and pounded into powder, packed in bales and loaded on mules ready to carry them away to a port."

" I wish we could visit such a forest in Paraguay," said Theresa. "But Father says we can't go there now, we have so much else to see."

"It's a brave little republic," said Miss Lee. "It has had many troubles, and I am glad it is now at peace."

"My boy here"—Mr. Wolfe glanced at James—"is eager to visit the unsettled part of the country in the Gran Chaco, where so many wild animals are to be found."

"And Indians, Father!" added James quickly.

"There are plenty of Indians all over Paraguay, my son. More than one-fourth of the people are of the red race."

"And a large number of the others are part Indian and part Spanish," spoke up Mrs. Wolfe.

"The people in the settled parts are kind and hospitable," continued her husband. "If we were their guests, they would gladly share their home with us; though, if they lived in one of the little villages in the country, it would probably be a small mud hut with one or two pieces of furniture. See here, let's play we haven't just finished dinner, but are entering a Paraguay village with empty stomachs. We follow a man going home from his work in a field of sugar-cane. Half-naked children with streaming black hair run out to meet him and stare at the strangers. He asks us into his hut to dine. His wife looks up from her work to smile at us. She is pounding corn in a hollow of a log standing in the middle of the room. The corn is to be used for a cake which she will soon serve us; this, with boiled beef and maté, is to be our dinner. After it is finished, our host and his wife fill pipes with tobacco and begin to smoke. We do not care to join them, and go on our way to another village, passing tobacco and manioc fields, or perhaps groves of oranges."

"Aren't there any cities in Paraguay?" asked Lucy.

"Not many. Asuncion is the largest. It is one of the oldest in South America. The Spaniards set-

tled there long before the Pilgrims went to your own Plymouth. I found it a busy place, with colleges, banks and parks. How the people there do like bright colors! Their low-built houses, standing in blocks along the sidewalks, are painted red, blue, yellow, green—all the tints of the rainbow."

"And ghost-women walking past them," James said in a low voice to the little girls with puzzled faces opposite him.

Mrs. Wolfe caught the words. "What *are* you talking about, sonnie?" she asked; but his father broke into a laugh.

"Yes, ghost-women, if you choose to call them so," he said. "The women go about the streets in loose white garments, with large white cloths wrapped about their heads. Many of them are barefooted, so they move noiselessly, as ghosts are supposed to do. Let us follow two of them on their way to the market. One carries a heavy jar on her head; the other balances a big load of oranges in the same way; both step as lightly as though they had no burden. This way of carrying loads is common all over the country.

"Ah! we are nearing the market. It is a big one-story building, extending around the four sides of a square. There are women, women everywhere, buying and selling the wares of the country. I know what Lucy would like to get for her mother—it is some of the delicate lace on that counter. It has been made by the rough hands of the Paraguay women."

"I'd like some for Grandma," said Theresa.

"Of course, my dear. So we had better get a good many yards."

Everybody smiled.

"But see here," Mr. Wolfe went on. "You must all notice the quantities of tobacco and manioc for sale, since these are raised in large quantities in the country, and the people use the greater part themselves. Dear, dear! nearly all the folks about us, both men and women, smoke pipes or cigars, or else chew tobacco; even young girls are smoking.

"Let us turn from them toward a meat stall, and watch the butcher hack off big chunks of beef which he sells at so much a chunk. This beef came from nearby cattle-farms—fine ones, too."

"I declare!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Wolfe, "while we have been talking, the daylight has begun to fade. Let us go out on the veranda and watch for the new moon."

CHAPTER VIII

DANGER AHEAD

"LUCY," James whispered outside the little girl's door, "Mother says you are to ride Snow White this morning when we go to the shearing. It was my sister's, you know, and is very gentle."

Off ran James before Lucy had a chance to speak. Her eyes were dim for a moment at thought of the little girl who could never ride the beautiful white pony again. Yet she could not help being happy at her own privilege, and when she kissed Miss Lee good-by she said, "I feel like a princess in a fairy story—princesses always ride on white ponies, you know."

Then she ran to find the other children, the manager's son, Pedro, having been invited to join the party.

"The sheep farm is ten miles away," James told the little girls as they started off.

"Ten miles—and yet it is a part of your father's estancia!" cried Theresa.

"We could travel a whole day in the direction we are going now," he answered, "and we would still be on our own land."

"James! Pedro!" called Lucy from behind. "A

hare just crossed my path. It went like the wind!"

"There are hundreds of hares on the place," said James, smiling at the little girl's excitement. "Pedro and I have hunted them more than once, haven't we, Pedro?"

The Spanish boy nodded pleasantly. He was a little shy in the company of the two strange girls.

The children rode on quietly for several miles, when James called to the others to look closely into the thick grass by the roadside. They discovered two sharp eyes set in a white furry head.

"But don't stop. Ride on fast," directed James. "That was a skunk—a beauty too."

Later on when the riders passed a big field of cattle, a fierce-eyed bull plunged toward the barbed-wire fence that shut him in, longing to attack the children. Lucy and Theresa breathed more easily when they had got out of his sight.

"Almost there!" said James at last. "I can hear the baaing of the sheep. Yes, now we can see them!"

"What lots and lots of them!" cried Lucy.

"And the dear little lambs at their mothers' sides!" added Theresa. "I'd *love* to be a shepherd."

"There he goes now," said James, reining in his pony to get a good look. "He's on horseback and keeps moving about among the flocks. Let's call at his hut and say good-day to his wife and children before we go to the shearing."

With these words, James headed his pony for a tiny mud-brick house thatched with grass. Three

dark-eyed Italian children came running out to meet the visitors. Behind them was their mother with braided hair wound around her head and a bright red kerchief folded over her shoulders.

"Mother sent you these," said James, handing the woman a pair of ear-rings and some gay ribbons.

She thanked him with a deep bow and many Italian words the other visitors did not understand. Then she hurried back to her work, as she was preparing dinner for the shearers who had come to help her husband. Her young guests followed her as she went to a big oven in the yard and opened the door to look in at roasting joints of beef and mutton.

"Yum, yum!" said James. "The smell of that meat makes me hungry. We'd better get on to the shearing, or we won't be home in time for our own dinner."

Scattering a handful of coins among the little Italians, the English lad led the way to a large storehouse. Close by were pens in which hundreds of sheep were huddled together. Two men were busy lifting out the animals, binding their legs and sending them by other helpers to the storehouse. These the visitors followed. As they entered the door they could see the shearers cutting off thick tufts of wool from the backs of helpless sheep. Another man was weighing the wool, tying it into big bundles, and handing these to an assistant who tossed them into the loft overhead.

"Poor creatures!" said Theresa pityingly, as she looked at the shorn sheep, which were trembling,

partly from fear, partly from cold at the loss of their warm coats.

"When all the wool is ready for shipment there will be another busy time," Pedro told the little girls. "If you are still here, you will see a long train of carts leaving the estancia, each one loaded as high as possible. The loads are so heavy that the train fairly creeps, though eight or more horses will draw a single cart."

"Before we start for home let's leave the road and take a short ride through the tall grass," proposed James. "It's a deal of fun. I have my pocket compass with me, so we can't get lost."

Away flew the children over the wide-stretching pampas, not one of them noticing that the sun was getting out of sight behind a heavy black cloud. Then, suddenly, sounded an angry rumble in the heavens. At the same moment darkness swept over the pampas.

"It's beginning to rain," James called back. "We are in for it!"

The rain was already falling in sheets, and lightning coming in blinding flashes. Theresa's heart beat fast. So did Lucy's, though she tried her best to appear brave when she saw that the two boys were actually laughing over their plight. How lonely it was—not even a windmill in sight!

"Speed up!" James shouted, checking his pony long enough to examine his compass. "Now then, follow me!"

On flew the riders, the lightning playing about

them in constant dazzling flashes, the thunder rolling as if the sky were being bombarded, and the rain falling in such torrents that the water ran in streams down the ponies' sides and their young riders' clothing.

"Oh!" cried Lucy suddenly. Something had struck her cheek and cut it.

"We *are* in for it," shouted back James. "It's hailing."

The boy was at last frightened, not for himself, but for the little girls in his care. He knew the damage that hail in Argentina sometimes works; he had seen the stones as big as pigeons' eggs. For this reason the windows on the storm side of his home were protected by wire netting.

The ponies needed no urging. On, on they flew, with their riders bending over them as far as possible to keep their faces hidden from the sharp hailstones.

Scared as Lucy was for herself, she did not forget gentle, beautiful Snow White. "Poor little creature," she whispered to her. "I hope you will not be hurt."

"I see a windmill!" called James at last.

"And there is your house," cried Pedro cheerily.

"We're safe, but wet as dolphins," shouted James a minute afterward to a group of worried-looking people in the doorway. And when the little girls had been helped down from their ponies and hurried into the house by Mr. Wolfe, what a rejoicing there was! Dripping wet as they were, they

were hugged again and again by Miss Lee and Mrs. Wolfe, who had been fearful about them for the last hour.

"That *was* an experience for two little girls," Mr. Wolfe told his wife, after she had given each of the children some hot maté. "To tell the truth, I was a bit scared about them myself."

CHAPTER IX

BACK TO THE BIG CITY

MAYBE it's a message from my dear papa," said Theresa, running up to Lucy, who was on the shady side of the veranda dressing a doll. The little girl had spied a messenger handing a telegram to Mr. Wolfe.

Theresa's guess was correct. Every one in the household was excited, of course, because only once after the wanderers arrived on the coast of Patagonia had they been able to send a message. That was three weeks ago. "During our tramp inland we can't even telegraph you," Senhor Vasco had said, and so no one was troubled at the silence. But now Theresa could scarcely contain her joy.

"All well," ran the telegram. "Just setting sail for Buenos Aires."

"Let us go to the city ourselves and take our friends by surprise," Mr. Wolfe proposed. "Then they must come back here for a little visit before starting for Chile."

"Indeed, yes!" said his wife. "I want to keep my little guests with me as long as possible."

So it came to pass that a gay party stood on the pier to greet the travelers when they landed.

"How brown you are—even more so than when you got back from the Amazon!" Lucy told the boys as they all rode out to the Wolfes' villa, which had been opened for their coming. Theresa said nothing; she was too happy for words, as she sat snuggled up to her father's side with a tiny hand clasped in his big one.

"There is so much to tell, it's hard to know where to begin," said Carlos, as all gathered on the veranda in the moonlight that evening.

Senhor Vasco smiled.

"Perhaps the best way to begin will be at the beginning," he said. Then he went on, telling about the sea trip south along the coast, and the other passengers on board the ship. There was one family, with three children in it, that had left a cosy little home with vineyards and orchards in distant Germany, to raise sheep on the wild Patagonian pampas.

Then Senhor Vasco told of the Patagonian port where he and the boys landed—a few sheet-iron buildings with no trees and only coarse scanty grass in sight. Behind it stretched the sandy pampas dotted with clumps of thorn bushes.

"It was a great day for the townspeople when we arrived," said Joe, as Mr. Wolfe stopped to rest. "They had flocked to the shore from miles around to see the ship and get supplies it had brought them. Some of them would now have new clothes; others were after sugar and canned fruit and vegetables.

Think of it! nothing *fresh* to eat raised in the whole country except mutton."

"And yet," said Carlos, taking up the story, "the boys and girls looked red-cheeked and happy, even if they have no candy-stores nor fruit-stalls in which to spend their money."

"That is probably why they are so healthy," said Mrs. Wolfe softly. "Without rich desserts, and living most of the time in the fresh air, they can have little need of a doctor's care."

"I don't see what fun there was for you in that little town of sheet-iron houses," said Lucy thoughtfully, as she turned toward Senhor Vasco.

"There wasn't any," he laughed. "We left it as soon as we could—that is, after we had secured a good guide and bought some horses. You know we got our sleeping bags, provisions, and the rest of our camping outfit before we left this city. Moreover, I was anxious to reach my friend's ranch as soon as possible."

"So away we went into the wilderness," cried Carlos, "when we rode over the trails among thorn bushes for three days and slept two nights in our warm bags under the bright stars of the Southern Cross."

"It was great fun getting our own meals," said Senhor Vasco, going on with the story. "Each morning we rose before daylight. Then, while we were dressing and packing, our Indian guide, Jim, made a fire out of callifate brush, which contains a good deal of pitch. And, by the way, Joe, you were

wrong in giving the idea that no fruit is raised in Patagonia, because the callifate bush has small sour red berries which the settlers often make into jam.

"But to continue: Breakfast was quickly ready because all Jim had to do was to heat some cans of food over the fire and make maté. As soon as we had eaten, we reloaded our packhorses with our camping outfit. Then away we went along the trails made by natives and settlers, plodding hour after hour over the sandy pathway with no person, no animal, no house in sight."

"Toward night of the first day, though, we had an adventure," said Carlos, fearing his father had forgotten it.

"Tell about it, my son."

"It was this way: Jim and Father were ahead, and Joe and I were lagging behind. Our horses were so tired they fairly crawled up the rocky hill they were climbing, and we boys were half asleep from the long day's ride. Finally Joe lay back to stretch himself, letting the reins loose; at that very moment his horse stumbled and he fell off, catching his foot in the stirrup."

"At that the horse started up, dragging me along with her, till I didn't know whether I was dead or alive," put in Joe.

"Of course I shouted, and jumped from my horse, and Jim and Father wheeled about, and Joe was rescued by the time he was a mass of bruises and his ankle was sprained. And after that," Carlos ran on, "Father got out his case of 'first aid to the in-

jured' and Joe was patched up. But of course we had to rest a while before he was able to go on. And as we stretched ourselves out on the hillsides, Jim suddenly said, 'Aha, guanacos!' He pointed far out on the plain below us. There among the thorn bushes small animals were moving about—at least forty of them.

"'Sh! don't move or make a sound!' continued Jim in a whisper. 'The wind is in our favor, or the guanacos would have scented us before this.'

"Creeping along on all fours, he went to a packhorse after his rifle. Still keeping low, he went down the hillside, then in and out among the bushes toward the herd. My eyes did not leave him till he had drawn near enough to shoot. The bullet flew straight into the neck of a buck, which sprang into the air, and then fell to the ground in its death struggle. Away galloped the rest of the herd and were soon out of sight.

"I ran to meet Jim as soon as he started back with the buck over his shoulders."

"My, but that guanaco was a beauty!" again interrupted Joe. "Its fur was tawny yellow with white spots; it looked somewhat like a baby camel, somewhat like an antelope. It must have weighed one hundred and fifty pounds."

"I'll never forget our supper that night," said Senhor Vasco. "Jim broiled a guanaco steak over the brush fire; it seemed to us hungry trampers as delicious as venison."

"Let me see. We didn't have another adventure

till the end of the second day," said Joe thoughtfully. "That was when we reached a little mud hut and found a man living there with his two sons. They asked us in and treated us to supper of roasted mutton and dried biscuit, with maté. The father heated the water for the maté over a fire built in the middle of the room. There was no chimney, so the smoke made us cough and choke. There was only one gourd for all of us to drink from, and each of us had to cut off a slice of mutton for himself and eat it with his fingers."

Miss Lee's face puckered at the idea.

"If you were tramping in a wild country, you wouldn't mind a little thing like that," said Senhor Vasco with a smile. Then he took up the story.

"At sunset of the third day," he said, "we saw a large sheep ranch ahead of us, and Jim told me it was my friend Berg's whom I had traveled all the way to see. When at last we reached the house, which was made entirely of corrugated iron, you can all imagine what an exciting time there was. Herr Berg and his wife seemed glad beyond measure at the surprise-party, and made us very comfortable, even though their home is small and away out in the wilderness."

"Think of it! They have a piano and pictures, and easy chairs, all brought on a ship from Germany and then carted over rough trails by mule train!" said Carlos.

"And they haven't any neighbors for miles and miles!" cried Joe.

"With nothing to see from the window save an endless stretch of thorn bushes," continued Senhor Vasco.

"The next day," Joe went on, "the Berg children showed us over the place. We went around among the flocks of sheep and visited the poultry yards. Not like any you ever saw," the boy went on, looking at one after another of his listeners, "because there were young ostriches running about among the chickens."

"Ostriches?" cried the little girls.

"Yes, the Patagonians call them ostriches, though Senhor Vasco says they are really rheas. Herr Berg hatched them from eggs laid by the wild ostriches—he had found them in the sand out in the wilderness. He was raising the birds for meat. Their feathers are small and coarse, but Hans told me his mother would use them when the birds were killed; she would make them into mats and dusters."

"The next day after we arrived we had broiled ostrich meat for dinner," put in Carlos.

"The omelet we had for breakfast took my fancy," said Senhor Vasco. "It was large enough to satisfy the appetite of the whole family, yet it was made out of only two ostrich eggs—Herr Berg had found them the day before in a nest out on the pampas.

"My friend told me," he continued, "that a number of mother birds lay their eggs together in a big hollow in the sand. During a large part of the day, the sun keeps them warm enough; but with the ap-

proach of night the father birds take their places on the nest to brood over the eggs."

"How odd!" said Miss Lee. "Fancy hens strutting around our own farm yards while the cocks are patiently hatching out the chickens."

The idea set every one laughing.

"The Berg children had a tame guanaco," said Joe, when there was quiet once more. "Their father brought it home after killing the mother when he was out hunting. It was so gentle, I just loved it; it followed us around like a pet dog. When it was brought home, it was so young the children told me they had to feed it milk from a bottle."

"In our stores here in Buenos Aires I have seen beautiful blankets made by the Patagonian Indians out of the skins of young guanacos," said Mrs. Wolfe.

"Oh, the Bergs would never kill their pet to use its skin!" Joe's voice was full of dismay at such an idea. "Frau Berg had a mat in her sitting-room made of the skins of wild guanacos," he added, "but that is a different matter."

"After several delightful days with my friends," said Senhor Vasco, taking up the story, "we bade them good-by and started south."

"We had an exciting adventure before we turned eastward." After saying this Joe stopped and looked from one to another, hoping by the pause to rouse their curiosity more keenly.

"Don't wait. Tell us right off," begged Lucy.

"We were riding over a long stretch of desert,

and had to go slowly because the sand was so hard on our horses' feet," said Joe after several slow ahems. "It was bad enough as it was, with the air as hot as that of a furnace, while up over our heads —it was noon-time—the sun looked like a ball of fire. But it was still worse when a fierce wind came up, scorching our faces so it seemed as if they must blister. Suddenly Jim called out, 'Do you see that cloud low in the sky? It means trouble.'

"The cloud came nearer and nearer, and with it came—what do you think?"

"Rain, of course," said Theresa promptly.

"Wrong you are! A storm of thick, driving dust swept over us. 'Quick!' shouted Jim. He had already sprung from his horse and was digging a hole in the sand. 'Get down!' he ordered. 'Spread your blankets, creep under them, and shut your eyes!'

"Without a word we did as he had told us. There we lay till the storm passed by, and then we found that we had big loads of sand to lift, as well as our blankets, before we could be free. My! how we choked and coughed when we got up to shake off the heavy white dust that had sifted in upon us even through the thick covering. Our ears and noses were full of it, too."

"But the poor horses—what had become of them?" asked Miss Lee.

"They had lain down and protected their heads as well as they could, but they were in a sorry state. After much snorting, which kept company with our

coughs and sneezes, they were soon able to start off again, however."

"I declare!" Mrs. Wolfe laughed. "I feel as if I had been out in a sandstorm myself. I don't envy you your experience one bit."

"It was exciting, though, and different from what most folks know about, so I'm glad I had it." Joe's eyes shone at the thought of all he should sometime have to tell his boy friends in New York.

"After that sandstorm, we had another that wasn't *very* pleasant," said Carlos, who was getting sleepy, yet wished to have his share of the story telling. "We rode all one day in a driving rain, but at night we got shelter with a colony of Boers who had lived happily in South Africa before the war with the English, but had lately come to Patagonia to raise sheep. I tell you, the Boer home where we spent the night seemed comfortable after the long tiresome ride! It was made of mud-bricks, and was as neat as wax, and it seemed as if the dinner of mutton and macaroni was about the best I ever tasted. When it was over we sat with the family around the fireplace, listening to stories of Indians, and of ostrich and guanaco hunts."

"The next day," said Senhor Vasco, seeing that both boys were really too tired to talk, "we rode into a flock of ostriches skimming over the sand, with wings spread out, heads stretched forward, and kicking up the dust with their long legs. They travel very fast, and sometimes even race a train, actually keeping up with it for quite a while."

"That's going some," broke in Joe, falling into American slang, "when the train is moving forty miles an hour."

"Fast as the birds travel," continued Senhor Vasco, "a hunter on a swift horse soon tires them out. Then, with a skillful fling of a leather string with iron balls at each end, he winds it around the legs of an ostrich and it falls helpless to the ground."

"The Boer family treated us to armadillo stuffed with bread-crumbs," said Carlos, putting in one last word. "It was good, although the armadillos down there are not as big as ours."

"We had a splendid time," declared Joe, "but I was glad to get back to the coast, and then we had to travel a half-day before reaching the port from which we were to sail home. We saw sea-lions basking in the sunshine on the rocks near the shore; and once we stopped to explore a cliff, and discovered a buzzard's nest with four eggs in it. The mother bird had flown off, but she came hurrying back as scared and angry as could be.

"But the best of all was meeting a party of American scientists who had come down to Patagonia to hunt for the bones of prehistoric animals. They were awfully glad to see us and talked with me about dear old New York."

Lucy sighed enviously.

"And now, dear friends," said Senhor Vasco, turning to Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe, "we must soon take leave of you and start out on our further wanderings

—first across Argentina into Chile on your fine Transandine railroad; then up the western coast, through the wonderful Panama Canal, and home again by way of the Atlantic. I want my children and these little American friends of ours to know South America before we end our travels. Miss Lee, too, I feel sure will enjoy the journey."

"Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Wolfe in dismay. "My husband and I had hoped you would all spend at least a month with us on our estancia."

"I am very sorry we cannot accept your invitation. You have already been most kind to us." Senhor Vasco's voice was full of gratitude. "But we must really be on our way."

"The boys had a good time, of course," Lucy said to Theresa, when the good-nights had been said, and they were on their way upstairs. "But I'm glad we didn't go with them, and went to the estancia instead."

"So am I, and I hate to leave the Wolfes now—they have been so kind to us," answered the affectionate little girl.

CHAPTER X

OVER THE MOUNTAINS

"PAMPAS, pampas everywhere," said Joe with a yawn. "Cattle and sheep and grain fields, and then more cattle and sheep."

The train was now many hours on its westward way, and the children were getting tired and restless.

"All Argentina isn't what you just described," replied Senhor Vasco. "Up in the north, for instance, where the weather is warmer and the rains are heavy, one finds rich fruit and sugar lands. There you could picnic among groves of palm-trees as in our dear Brazil. Yes, and you could stretch your hammock in a lemon or orange orchard and let the ripe fruit fall into your lap."

"I suppose we could pick bananas too," said Lucy. "Then, after eating my fill, I'd cry out like Carlos, 'I'm a monkey, I'm a monkey.' That sounded so funny to me at first, till I found out how fond monkeys are of bananas."

As Lucy spoke, the porter cried: "First call for dinner." It was already dark outside; so, after a hearty meal in the handsome dining-car, the travelers "turned in" for the night, to find themselves at sunrise in the rich vine-lands of western Argentina, with the Andes close at hand.

"What a beautiful place!" exclaimed Miss Lee, as the train reached Mendoza with its many orchards and grape-vines, and its cosy homes half hidden among the trees. Beyond were the snow-topped mountains reaching up into the clouds.

As there would be a wait of several hours before the narrow-gage train would leave for the journey across the Andes, the party had time for a long walk through the shady streets. More than once they stopped to watch groups of children at their play.

"They have little thought that they are playing above the ruins of another town which was destroyed by an earthquake," said Senhor Vasco, half to himself.

"An earthquake!" Lucy shivered as she spoke.

"Tell us about it, please," begged Joe, who had a boy's liking for horrors.

"An old gentleman in the smoking-car described it to me on the way here; he was a little boy living in the city at the time. Well, to begin: It was on a Sunday afternoon and the churches were filled with people. Suddenly the ground began to shake and a low grumble sounded through the air, drowning the voices of the singers and priests.

"The next moment it seemed to the few who were left alive as if there were no churches, no *anything* of the pretty city—just ruins, ruins everywhere. It happened that my fellow-passenger who told me about it was walking by the river with his parents. All at once, he noticed that the river was rising.

The next instant he felt himself being lifted up into the air. Should he ever stop, he wondered dully.

"He knew nothing more till he awoke to find himself lying on a rough pile of earth with the stars twinkling merrily overhead. Not a sound about him! 'Mother! Father!' he cried; but there was no answer. He did not know then that his parents were lying dead beneath the city's ruins.

"All night long the little boy wandered about alone among piles of stone and broken lumber. When morning came at last, he met a sad-eyed man searching among the ruins for his own loved ones. This man took pity on the little orphan and adopted him; but neither could ever forget the sorrow caused them by the earthquake which had destroyed the city and brought death to ten thousand or more people."

"How dreadful!" said Miss Lee; while Joe whispered to his sister, "Suppose the earth should open and swallow us this very minute!"

Theresa caught his words and burst into tears.

"I only said that to tease Lucy," Joe said instantly, "and I'm truly-ruly sorry. You know they say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and I guess it's true of earthquakes."

"There's the narrow-gage road ahead of us," called back Carlos, who was walking ahead of the others with his father.

"And we'll soon be riding along that steep track up among the mountains," said Joe, hoping to keep Theresa's mind busy with other thoughts. "Per-

haps we'll catch sight of some llamas jumping about among the crags."

When the little train, with an engine pushing bravely behind, bore the travelers out of the small town, Senhor Vasco remarked that he was sorry to leave Argentina without a visit to the old town of Cordova.

"Long before the Pilgrims landed on your own Plymouth Rock," he told the twins, "the Spanish settlers of Cordova built a university there."

At first the children could see grape-vines and alfalfa fields from the car windows, but as they climbed higher they looked out on a wild, rocky country. High above them towered the lofty peaks of the Andes, the summit of the volcano Aconcagua above them all.

"How strange!" cried Miss Lee, as she noticed the coloring of a stream beside which the train was now moving.

"That is the Mendoza River," said Senhor Vasco, consulting his map. "Those bright colors must be given by the metals found in its rocky bed; the stream itself is the gift of the melting snows on the heights above."

On puffed the train past a row of cliffs that looked like a procession of pilgrims bent with a hard journey. Then Joe discovered a stone bridge that Dame Nature must have made herself. At the children's cries of wonder, a fellow-passenger in the next seat turned around and told them the story of the place.

"In the long ago," he said, "before the coming of the white man, the Indians had great faith in the

power of healing possessed by the waters below that bridge. They would travel many miles to drink there. Come then! Let us imagine that a red chief is very ill and that he is being borne there in a litter over the wild mountain passes to be cured of some dreadful illness."

"Yes, yes, I can see the waving plumes of the sick chief; now he has reached the stream and is about to drink a gourdful of the wonderful water," said Theresa, who had a lively imagination.

No one spoke for some time, as all were busy feasting on the wild beauty of the country, now catching glimpses of snowy peaks, and again filled with wonder at the brilliant colors of nearby rocks. Unnoticed, the train had begun to slow up and they heard the call "La Cuevas!" as they entered a little station.

"Good-by, friend Argentina. We shall see no more of you," said Senhor Vasco. Then, as the porter began lighting up the car, he told the children to prepare for a long underground ride. "We have already passed through several short tunnels," he said, "but now we are about to travel through one over ten thousand feet long, dug through the heart of a mountain. When we next see daylight, we shall be in Chile."

"By going through this tunnel instead of over it," said the stranger in the next seat, once more turning around to talk with the children, "you miss the greatest sight among the mountains."

"What is it?" asked Joe, before any one else had a chance to speak.

"The Christ of the Andes," said the gentleman reverently. "It is a statue of our dear Lord, twenty-six feet high; one hand holds the cross; the other is stretched forward in blessing; and as the beholder looks into the calm face above, it seems as if he could hear the words, 'Peace be unto you.' "

"Why should such a statue stand in that lonely place among the snow and ice?" asked Lucy.

"It is the emblem, my child, of brotherly love between Chile and Argentina, who were once on the verge of war. Cast out of bronze from cannon belonging to both countries, it was set up on the boundary-line to speak of the peace which they have vowed shall evermore exist between them."

"Did you ever see it?" asked Carlos.

"Indeed, yes. Before the railroad was built I climbed with some friends over the Andes. A terrible storm overtook us; we were already blinded by the snow and nearly frozen, when we came upon a rest house where we were sheltered till the storm was over."

"A house up among such wild mountains?" questioned Miss Lee.

"Yes; several such houses have been built along the trail. They are mound-shaped and of stone, so they stand firm through the most terrible storms."

"I've read stories about condors, those big birds that build their nests and raise their babies among

the cliffs and caves of the Andes," said Carlos. "Did you ever see them?"

"Many a time. Perhaps if you keep your eyes open, you will catch a glimpse of condors flying over a beautiful lake. We shall reach it soon after we cross the border."

"Daylight!" Joe burst out excitedly. The boy's face had been pressed against the window-pane, so he was the first to discover that the train was emerging from the tunnel.

"And Chile, my homeland!" said the stranger.

PART III

TRAVELING ALONG THE SHOE-STRING

CHAPTER I

CROSSING THE SHOE-STRING

"WE are still high up," said Lucy, as the train pulled out of the little station at Caracoles and she looked off over the rugged, lonely slopes.

"And wonders are still spread before us," said Miss Lee. "I never dreamed that rocks could have such glorious colors; while the wild streams rushing down the slopes and the water-falls leaping over the edges of lofty cliffs have at times made me almost breathless with delight."

"I'm glad to have the highest peak of the whole Andes for a neighbor," said Joe. "Away back in New York I never dreamed of ever seeing both the King of Rivers and the King of Mountains. Aconcagua is so grand it almost takes one's breath away to look at it. I'd like to climb Aconcagua. I once read the story of a party of men who reached the summit, though they almost lost their lives in doing it. They were caught in a fearful gale, and were almost frozen to death; their provisions gave out, and they were nearly starved; two of the men barely escaped falling over a precipice. But they had their reward when they reached the top in the glorious view they had. Far to the east were the pampas of Argentina,

while to the west, beyond the mountains and valleys of Chile, lay the big waters of the Pacific. And think! clouds were lying like blankets at their feet." Joe drew a long breath at the thought of the mighty things to be seen in this world.

"Our ride through the long tunnel seemed wonderful to me." Carlos spoke quietly as if half to himself. "I kept thinking of the mountain over my head and of what that tunnel means, as well as the little ones we have passed through also."

"What *does* it mean?" asked Theresa curiously.

"Why, just this,—it's the patience and the work, day after day, and month after month, of hundreds of workmen, as they chipped away bit after bit of the solid rock. Then, at last, a way was opened up so that people can cross our continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"It is a big thought," said Senhor Vasco. A moment later, as he turned to the window, he said, "The wonders of our journey are not yet ended. Look quickly, all of you, at that beautiful lake nestling among the rocky ledges. Its waters are as clear as crystal."

"Long ago, it was loved by the Incas," said the gentleman who had talked with the party before. "The Incas, as you probably know, were Indian chiefs who ruled on our coast before the white men came. They were perhaps the wisest and most powerful ones ever known among the red men."

"I think that strange man is very nice," Theresa

whispered to Lucy, as her father and the stranger went off together to the smoking-car.

"He laughed when I told him I had always heard Chile called the *shoe-string* of South America," replied the little girl. " 'Do you know why?' he asked. I said, 'Of course. It's because it is so narrow and stretches such a long way—from its northern neighbor, Peru, down along the whole length of Argentina, till it curls like a kitten's tail around the bottom of Patagonia.' You know I studied it on the big map at Mrs. Wolfe's."

"After that he asked if I knew what the word *Chile* meant. He smiled when I shook my head, and told me that when the white men first came here, they entered a valley called by the Indians Tchili, meaning *beautiful.* They admired the country about them so much that they gave it the same name, though they spelled it in an easier way. And Theresa! the gentleman went on to say he has a big farm in the beautiful valley that stretches ever so far up and down through Chile, and he would like to have us visit him!"

"I hope we can go, because he is so pleasant and you know I just *love* farms," was the answer. "Papa likes him, I'm sure. He says the gentleman's name is Arnold and he thinks he is an Englishman."

"Look quick, girls!" cried Joe from the seat behind. "That is a condor, I'm sure."

The boy pointed to a large black bird flying downward in wide circles from the top of a cliff. It had doubtless discovered some dead body, perhaps that

of a sheep or llama in the valley below, and was on its way to feast on it.

"Ugh!" Joe went on. "Chile can have the condor for her national bird if she wishes. But even if it does stand for strength and bravery, I don't admire it, because it makes one think of vultures. When I was at Para I saw vultures flying about the market-place and devouring the carrion. The people there won't kill the creatures because they help to keep the city healthful. I hate the thought of them, just the same."

While the children talked on, the train had stopped at several small towns on the mountain-slope, each one looking greener and prettier than the one above it.

When the station at the foot was reached, Senhor Vasco and his new acquaintance returned to the car, where there was already a general commotion, for here the narrow-gage road ended and the passengers must change cars.

"What dandy pears and plums!" said Joe, looking longingly at a man on the station platform who was busily selling the fruit to travelers as they left the train.

Senhor Vasco stopped to secure a bagful; with this to feast on, the party entered a fine Pullman car of the train about to leave for the journey across Chile. Not long after it started out, Mr. Arnold, who was sitting with the boys, told them he should soon leave them, as he was fast nearing his home. "But," he said, "I have made a plan with Senhor Vasco by

which I shall expect to see you there before many days."

At these words, Joe and Carlos beamed with delight.

As the train rushed onward, the travelers discovered that it had a companion, also making its way toward the sea. It was the Aconcagua River that rushed onward with sudden leaps over the rocks in its pathway, sometimes roaring and foaming as if in anger, sometimes singing a song of merriment.

When Mr. Arnold's station was reached and goodbys had been said, the children had time to take notice of the passengers who were left. Nearby was a countryman in broad-brimmed hat, and with a loose wrap called a poncho over his shoulders. Beside him sat his wife with heavily powdered face, and his little daughter in holiday dress, with black eyes full of joy at the idea of a visit to the big city.

"She is Spanish, I'm sure," Theresa whispered to Lucy.

"Do look at that man in the seat beyond her," was the only reply. "He must be a priest, because of his beaver hat and the black gown that reaches down around his feet."

Joe and Carlos were most interested in a group of soldiers in uniform at the other end of the car.

"Every man in Chile, as well as in Argentina, has military training," Senhor Vasco told the boys. Then, turning to Miss Lee, he spoke of the different peoples of the world represented in the car; Eng-

lish, Germans, Spanish, Portuguese, Indians, Americans—all were there.

Leaving the fertile valley behind, the train soon entered a pass in the coast range of the Andes. Once on the other side, it climbed down through the hills, past vineyards and orange orchards, and fields where the children caught sight of rose-bushes loaded with fragrant blossoms.

"And morning-glories too!" cried Lucy in delight. "See, Theresa! the fences along the track are covered with them. They are so near, I can almost touch them by reaching my arm out of the window."

"But the air!" said Theresa, taking a long sniff. "It is soft and sweet with the blossoms and new-mown hay, and—everything nice."

Not only the flowers, but the fresh figs and oranges brought along by the train-boy, were forgotten when the blue waters of the ocean came into view. Then Miss Lee, as well as Senhor Vasco, joined in the chorus, "The Pacific! The Pacific!"

Nearer and nearer it appeared, till the train was skirting along the coast of the King of Oceans. "We shall soon reach Val—paraiso, or the *Vale of Paradise,*" now said Senhor Vasco, "but I doubt if it can deserve the name as much as the lovely country we have left behind us.

"Aha! we are indeed near," he said a minute afterward, "for we must be passing Viña del Mar, a place noted as the beautiful suburb of the great city."

CHAPTER II

THE VALE OF PARADISE

I WAS so tired when we got here last night, I wasn't much interested even in this fine hotel; but now, after a long sleep, I'm ready for anything." As Lucy spoke, she danced about the room as lightly as a fairy.

"I was tired too," said Joe, "though now I can hardly wait to get started on our sightseeing. But say, twin dear, isn't it grand to get to the other side of the wall—without a tumble either?"

"The other side of the—oh, I see what you mean." Lucy laughed. "The wall is the Andes, of course. Joe, just think! If Daddie and Mummie had wanted to get from the Atlantic to the Pacific when they were as young as we are, they would have had to sail around the wicked Cape Horn or through the treacherous Strait of Magellan. Very likely they would have got drowned—ship-wrecked at any rate. And now how easy it is to cross over with the Transandine railroad's help!"

"All ready, children?" called Miss Lee.

"Yes indeedy!" came Joe's prompt reply; and he and Lucy hurried to join the rest of the party in exploring the city.

"I should be satisfied to stay right here to enjoy the view from this veranda," said Miss Lee, as she followed the others outdoors. She had good reason for her words: the hotel stood high up on a terrace of the lofty hillside. On the slope below were other terraces lined with homes, while far down at the base the fine harbor curved inward in the shape of a half-moon. The business part of the city stretched along a narrow strip of land along the water's edge.

"I can see boys playing down there," said Joe, pointing toward the edge of a sharp cliff below. "I suppose that tumble-down shack behind them is their home. They ought to have practice enough climbing about among the rocks to become good mountain climbers."

"If you can tear yourself away from this view," Senhor Vasco said laughingly to Miss Lee, "I will promise you something still better which I discovered in an early walk before breakfast."

When their kind guide had led the sightseers to an open space beyond the hotel and they were able to see, not only the great ocean at their feet, but the snowclad summits of the Andes in the distant east, they became silent with wonder. Carlos was the first to speak. "It makes me feel small," he said in a low voice, "to stand before the greatness of God's works."

Before leaving the place, Senhor Vasco discovered what he thought must be Aconcagua; it towered above all the peaks around it, and as it was a clear

day, the Senhor knew it was quite possible to see it, though it was far distant.

As the travelers walked on they met a man leading a cow, and a donkey with its baby jumping along at its side in the most laughable way. Its master was calling out some words in Spanish which were so much like Portuguese that the children understood at once. "He's calling 'Donkeys' and cows' milk!' " said Theresa, laughing.

"How funny! I didn't know people ever drank donkeys' milk," said Lucy. "Look! a woman has just called to the man from the house across the street, and he has led the animals right up to her door."

"He's started milking the cow," said Joe. "No danger but what that milk will be fresh enough."

"There's another man with a donkey," said Theresa. "The poor beastie is loaded with panniers full of vegetables. I s'pose the man is peddling them from door to door."

"Notice those two ladies ahead of us," said Joe, turning around and speaking in a low tone. "They look a little like nuns in those hoods and long black capes."

"They are wearing the national dress of Chilean women," explained Senhor Vasco. "As we go on our way, we shall doubtless see more of them in the same kind of garments."

At one place in their walk, the party came so near the edge of a sharp cliff that the boys pretended they were going to jump off.

"Don't, don't!" cried the little girls, and even Miss Lee said, "Do be careful." But Senhor Vasco only laughed.

"Never fear!" he said. "You may trust Joe and Carlos to take care of themselves."

"I'll tell you what!" cried Joe. "When we get ready to visit the streets below us, where all the business is done, Carlos and I will go down the crooked roads by 'shank's mare.' The rest of you can take one of the ascensors, as the people here call those queer elevators."

"Let us go with the boys," pleaded Lucy; but both Senhor Vasco and Miss Lee said, "No," decidedly.

The upshot of it was that Joe and Carlos met the others at the foot of the ascensor agreed upon, with dusty shoes and perspiring faces, but happy from what had seemed to them a good frolic.

"We passed two or three horses carrying up heavy loads," said Joe, when he had got his breath, "and their drivers were beating the poor beasts so cruelly, I wanted to thrash them."

"Joe stumped me to run a part of the way," added Carlos. "He said I was too dignified, and so"—he laughed—"I had a tumble and a tear."

He pointed to a trouser leg of his white suit, the sorry sight of which made Miss Lee look doleful for a moment. "Oh dear!" she said. "I had four snow-white birds to fly along at my side when we started, and now——"

"Two of them have apparently decided to change

into ravens," said Senhor Vasco cheerily. "Don't mind, Miss Lee, we can have just as good a time, whatever the color of the raiment."

"This city seems almost North American," said Lucy, as they walked along. "Paved streets, electric lights, newsboys shouting, and signs with English names over many of the stores!"

"It is rather English than American," replied Senhor Vasco, who was walking beside her. "There are a great many Englishmen doing business in Valparaiso—so many of them, that nearly every one here can speak English, and the dress of a large number of ladies is in the English style."

"Yet there are many queer sights," said Carlos. "For instance, cows and donkeys going along the streets to be milked, and chicken pedlers carrying cratefuls of live fowls."

"And such odd cars," broke in Theresa.

"They are double-decked," cried Joe, coming up with the rest of the party.

"The conductors are women," said Carlos, much amused. "I suppose their blue suits and sailor hats make their uniforms."

"Suppose we take a short car ride," proposed Senhor Vasco. "Shall we have seats inside or on the roof?"

All agreed that the best way to see the city was to sit up high, and when a car had been stopped and they had climbed the narrow stairs to the roof, they were in a merry mood.

"A penny apiece for every one up here," said

Senhor Vasco after paying the fares. "And two downstairs," he added. "That is the cheapest price for a ride I ever heard of."

And now the sightseers were busy, first turning their eyes out toward the beautiful bay with the ships of many nations anchored there; and again looking at the city, with its hustling people, its stores and business blocks.

"Valparaiso was once destroyed by an earthquake." These words came from an English gentleman sitting with his son close to the twins.

Lucy's face puckered at what she heard. She had not forgotten her feeling at Mendoza that the earth might swallow her up at any moment. Besides, she was hoping that Theresa did not hear.

"The people often feel little quakes," the gentleman went on, "which make them dizzy and lightheaded for a moment or two. But the shock of 1906 was a different matter. It happened only four months after the great city of San Francisco in the United States was almost destroyed by an earthquake. Odd, wasn't it—San Francisco has the finest harbor on this side of the Pacific Coast, and Valparaiso has the next finest one."

"I'd like to feel a *little* quake," Joe whispered to his sister. "It would be one more experience to tell about when we get home."

"I wouldn't—I'd just be scared. But listen, Joe."

The strange gentleman had begun to describe the great earthquake. "It was early evening," he said, "after a beautiful day, when suddenly the whole

city began to swing back and forth. Then came such a terrific jolt, that building after building fell crashing to the ground. Water-pipes burst, and the electric light wires broke apart; the screams of injured people rang out through the darkness; fires sprang up here and there, and the whole city was soon ablaze. When morning came, nearly the whole of the lower town had been destroyed."

"Were the ships in the harbor destroyed?" asked Joe, suddenly leaning over toward the story-teller.

The gentleman smiled at the young stranger's interest. "No, my little friend," he answered. "Odd as it may seem, the water had been little disturbed. I have seen times myself, however, when terrific storms have done great damage to the shipping in this harbor."

"We are going out in a launch this afternoon," volunteered Joe, who was always ready to make new acquaintances.

"I am going to take my son for a boat-ride also," said the stranger pleasantly. "Perhaps we will meet again."

"Senhor Vasco is motioning to us," whispered Lucy. "I guess we are to get out at the next corner."

As the children left the car, their quick ears caught the sound of a fire alarm.

"Senhor Vasco, let's go to the fire. Please," begged Joe, as a crowd of excited people rushed past them down the street.

"But Miss Lee and the little girls!"

"We will step inside that drug-store and wait for you," proposed the young girl.

The next minute, Carlos and Joe, with hands clutching Senhor Vasco's, were hurrying with him down the street.

When they returned a half-hour later they were laughing gaily.

"It was great sport," explained Joe, "seeing the firemen fight the flames. A procession of them had arrived just ahead of us. They wore big helmets and seemed as happy as could be smashing windows and playing hose lines. I wished I could join in."

"Father had to hold Joe back," said Carlos, his black eyes shining with merriment. "But the excitement didn't last long; there were so many firemen and they worked so fast that the fire was quickly put out."

"It seems," said Senhor Vasco, "that there is no fire department such as we are used to. A large number of men in the city—hundreds of them—have formed a club for fighting fires, which are rarely big in this city, as there are few high buildings. When an alarm is given, they rush away from their places of business to have a little pleasant excitement in fire-fighting."

"And now what are we to do?" asked Theresa, patting her father's hand.

"Have lunch at yonder restaurant; then take our first ride on the Pacific."

This proposal pleased every one. The lunch was eaten as quickly as possible, and the party made

Photo by E. M. Newman

A CHILEAN FARMER DOES NOT MAKE ONE HORSE DO ALL THE WORK

their way down to a pier in search of a steam launch that should take them around the bay.

Close to the shore all was bustle and confusion, as loads were being brought to and from the ships.

"Those big-wheeled, creaking carts are clumsy looking things," Lucy said to Miss Lee. "We see them everywhere. It seems queer for the driver to sit astride one horse at the side of the others, and all three fastened to the cart."

"I wish the drivers could be beaten instead of the animals," replied the young girl. "They treat their horses cruelly. There! did you see that fellow lash the poor creatures struggling their best to draw their load?"

"He'd be arrested in New York," declared Joe, who had heard Miss Lee's last words.

As the sightseers went out on the pier to engage passage on a launch, whom should they find but the Englishman and his son with whom Joe had talked in the morning.

The gentleman nodded pleasantly to the twins and afterward, when he found Senhor Vasco and his party seated close by, he spoke to him. "My boy and I," he said, "enjoy being in Valparaiso all the more because in my desert home in northern Chile it is our business to dislike water. The smallest rainstorm is unfortunate there."

Joe looked at his sister in astonishment, but Senhor Vasco seemed to understand.

"Of course, of course," he said. "You must live in the nitrate desert."

"Yes, at Iquique, the chief nitrate port of the world. The desert stretches all about us; we have not seen a rainfall there in years."

"But why," Joe asked the English lad who had nodded sociably on finding him at his side, "don't you want rain to fall up there? Excuse me, but it must be a dreary place to live in."

"It *is* dreary, but we get used to being without trees and flowers, and not even a blade of grass in sight. We love the ocean all the more, perhaps. You see, rain would injure the nitrate of soda which lies in big beds under the sands for miles and miles. Almost every workman in the country back of Iquique is busy digging up the nitrate; immense quantities of it are sent to the United States and Europe."

"I'm an American boy; yet I never heard before about your nitrate desert," said Joe, rather ashamed of his ignorance.

"But what *is* this nitrate? How did it come there?" asked Lucy, who could keep silent no longer.

"It's a kind of salt, but nobody knows just how it got there. Some people think there was once an inland sea where there were quantities of seaweed, and that this rotted in time, and in the hot, dry air, changed into nitrate of soda."

"Is it on top of the ground so it is easy to get it?" asked Carlos, who had changed his seat to one nearer the English lad.

"Not very. It lies under layers of rock and sand. A small hole has to be dug away down underneath.

Then a small boy with a fuse is let down into the hole in the bottom of which he leaves the fuse. After he has been drawn up, the fuse is lighted. Then whiff! bang! come sand and pieces of rock and the way is opened up for the digging.

"My father owns a big stretch of nitrate beds; he has an easy time managing the business and tending to the shipping of the nitrate," the boy went on, "but the poor workmen have a hard life. Sometimes I feel sorry for their children because they have to live in the desert all the time, while I can travel about with Mother or Father whenever we wish."

"I think he's a very nice boy," Lucy whispered to Theresa, when Joe and Carlos had gone on to talk with the strange lad about their favorite sports. "He isn't stuck up a bit."

"Stuck up?" Theresa's pretty eyes looked puzzled.

Lucy giggled. "That's American slang," she explained, "for acting as if you thought yourself better than most people. Mummie says that ladies should not use slang. So I s'pose I wasn't very nice to do it."

All the time Lucy was speaking, the dimples were trying to show themselves. Theresa had looked so serious, it made her want to laugh.

"Lucy, Lucy," interrupted Joe, "while you were talking to Theresa, we passed two ships with the Stars and Stripes flying from the mastheads. And you didn't salute! Shame on you!"

"My own flag of Chile is also flying among the many belonging to other nations. Is it not a beautiful one?" said the English lad, catching Joe's words. "It speaks of the brave men who died that the country should be free from the yoke of Spain."

"It is a pretty one," said Joe, looking critically at Chile's flying colors. "I like it because it has the same colors as ours. But it has one star, while ours has as many as there are States in the Union."

"Far out in the ocean beyond us, many miles from shore," said the English gentleman, "lies one of the most famous islands in the world."

"What can it be?" asked one child after another, as they caught the words—all except the English lad, who looked as if he would say, "I know."

"This island is not famous for any product—one side, in fact, is a desert of rocks and sand," the gentleman went on. "On the other side you may find some fruit trees, and scanty grass on which wild sheep and goats are feeding. I once sailed to the island with some fishermen who were going there to get lobsters that are plentiful along its shores. But the fame of this island, which is world-wide, is not due to a few wild goats and lobsters. You all have read a great deal about it, I feel sure."

Miss Lee, as well as her charges, looked puzzled.

"I wonder"—the gentleman went on with a smile —"if you ever heard the lines,

Poor old Robinson Crusoe! Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old nanny-goat—"

"I know! I know!" cried Joe. "It's the island where Robinson Crusoe lived and had so many adventures."

"It's the island," the gentleman said slowly, "where Alexander Selkirk was shipwrecked and lived his lonely life. At last, after four years, a passing ship discovered his watch-fire, and sailors were sent ashore to find a strange-looking man clad in the skins of goats and running wildly about as if he had almost lost his mind. Selkirk was carried to England, where he was made a hero. People came in flocks to look upon one who had lived so strangely and borne so much."

"Oh-h!" Joe, as well as the rest of the children, was disappointed. "I hoped it was the real home of Robinson Crusoe."

"It was, my dear boy, so far as Robinson Crusoe was himself real. Defoe, the writer of the book we love so much, made the adventures of Selkirk on that very island, Juan Fernandez, the groundwork of his story."

"Father, won't you now tell the folks about Easter Island?" The English lad seemed proud that there was so much of interest off the coast of his country.

"Easter Island is indeed remarkable," the story-teller went on. "It lies still farther out in the ocean and northwest of us, and was not explored till 1722. Yet on that dot of earth in the Pacific are wonderful monuments and statues, and carvings on gigantic stones, that show a great and wise people must once

have lived there. They may have been giants; their home may be the remains of a continent now lying at the bottom of the ocean; no one knows or ever will know what kind of children played along the shore or watched their fathers carving the mighty rocks."

As the gentleman ended, he looked down at Theresa's dreamy face. The little girl was wondering about those boys and girls who lived so long ago that no one knew anything about them.

In the meantime, the launch had been steaming around the pretty harbor, and giving the passengers a good view of the city rising up out of the water.

"Do you know how late it is getting?" suddenly asked Senhor Vasco as he looked at his watch.

"It must be near supper-time," said Carlos. "I'm hungry."

"The lights are beginning to shine in the lower town," said Joe. "Yes, and they are coming out like stars on the slopes above. There are also long lines of lights moving up the hillside. How pretty it looks!"

"The lights must come from the ascensors as they travel up and down," said Miss Lee.

"More and more lights!" exclaimed Lucy. "I'm glad we stayed out long enough to see the city in the evening."

"And I," echoed Theresa. "But I'm glad the launch is taking us in. I'm tired and sleepy—and hungry as Carlos."

CHAPTER III

UNDER THE OCEAN

"I WONDER what we'll do to-day," Carlos said to Joe. The two boys were taking a short promenade in front of the hotel.

"It's a heap of fun for your father to keep surprising us—we don't know from day to day what is coming next." Joe chuckled. "Maybe we'll go to Mr. Arnold's country home."

Just then Miss Lee and the little girls came rapidly toward the boys from the direction of the hotel.

"Senhor Vasco is waiting to go with us to breakfast," said the young girl as she drew near. "There is no time to lose if we are to take a trolley ride to Viña del Mar and then come back to start out on an ocean trip."

"Hurrah!" cried Joe, and though Carlos said nothing he looked as pleased as his young friend.

There was no loitering at breakfast that morning; and every one was in gay spirits when all were seated in the trolley car on the way to the charming suburb of Valparaiso. The fresh air, neither too hot nor too cold, blew pleasantly; the sky had scarcely a cloud, and the orchards and gardens on the way looked so tempting that Joe declared he would like to jump out and land in their midst.

"Once upon a time," Senhor Vasco told the children, "the people of Chile, as well as Brazil, enjoyed bull and cock fights. But these cruel sports have passed by. At Viña del Mar the horse-races furnish the principal excitement. The boys and girls, however, as well as the older folk, pass many gay hours playing golf, tennis and polo, as well as in taking long drives."

"There are so many beautiful houses here," remarked Miss Lee, "that many rich people must spend their summers at this resort."

"Do you see that fine tennis court?" Joe asked Carlos as the car brought them near the heart of the town. "I believe I'd rather have a game of polo, though. What do you say?"

Carlos, who was lazily enjoying the sight of the beautiful horses and the carriages filled with richly dressed people that were passing, declared that he was perfectly contented where he was.

On the way back to Valparaiso he began to be talkative and told the other children about the coming of the white men to Chile; he had read about it at school.

"Ever so long ago," he said, "the great Spaniard, Pizarro, who conquered Peru with its rich mines, got dissatisfied. He wanted to be still more powerful. So he said to one of his lieutenants, 'I want you to explore the country south of us and seize it in the name of our Spanish king.'

"So Diego de Almagro—that was the man's name—crossed the nitrate desert and traveled south till

he met great numbers of fierce Indian warriors who drove them back into Peru.

"A few years after that, another Spaniard, Captain Valdivia, entered Chile with a bold band. There was hot fighting with the red men. Valdivia managed to get as far south as Santiago and founded the city. There he kept his hold, though the Indians made one attack after another. Between the cruelty of the white men and the brave deeds of the savages, those were exciting days."

"The savages, of whom Carlos has been telling you," interrupted Senhor Vasco, "were the famous Araucanians. I hope to visit one of their settlements while we are in Chile. I believe few nobler Indians ever lived. Now please go on, Carlos."

"At last, the Spaniards came to terms," continued the boy. "The land north of a certain river——"

"The Biobio," helped out Senhor Vasco.

"Yes, that was it, Father—anyway, the Spaniards were to hold all Chile as far down as that, while the natives were to own all the country south of it. But there was one condition—the Indians had to promise to fight against the English and Dutch who had begun to appear on the coast."

"Well?" said Senhor Vasco, for Carlos was at a standstill.

"Won't you go on? I don't remember the rest very clearly."

"Very well." Senhor Vasco smiled. "As years went by, there were fresh troubles—not with the Indians, but among the Spaniards themselves, who

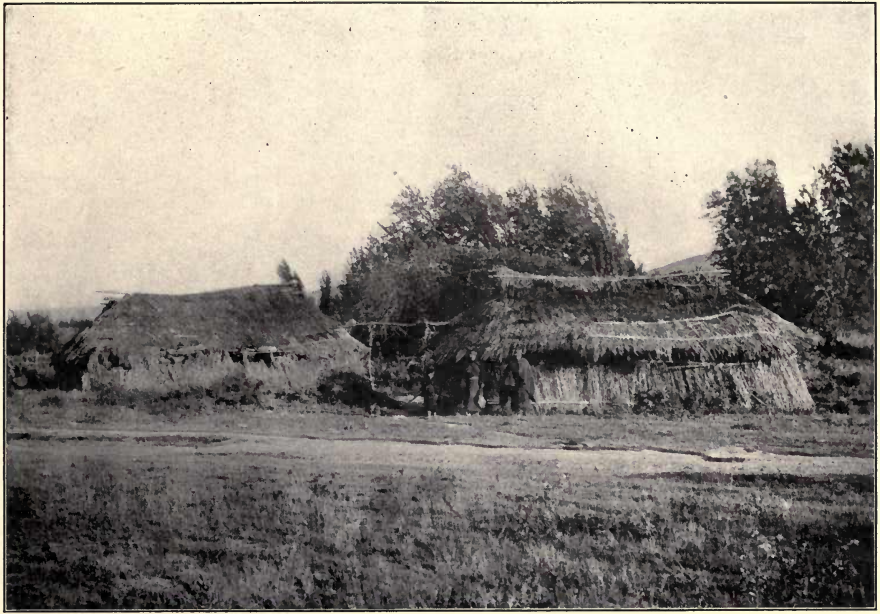
suffered under the hard rule of Spain. We can imagine troops of soldiers sent by the king to put down his rebel subjects. In vain! Matters only grew worse. At last, however, after a fierce battle in 1818, Chile was able to say, 'I am a free republic.' Who do you children suppose won that battle and gave the country her freedom?"

"Not San Martin, who freed Argentina?" asked Joe instantly.

"That very man. Shortly afterward, a brave patriot, and as it happened, an Irishman, was chosen to be Chile's first President. His name was General O'Higgins, and he governed the country wisely. Chile's troubles were not yet over, however. There was a war with Spain, another one with Peru, and some differences with Bolivia and Argentina. But the Chileans are brave, and devoted to their country. They are of good stock, for their ancestors came mostly from the northern part of Spain, and some of them married among the strong, work-loving Araucanian Indians. So they have stood their ground, and now this country is a very important one."

"Father told me," said Lucy thoughtfully, "that Argentina, Brazil, and Chile are called the A B C countries. I didn't understand *why,* till he pointed out the letters with which their names begin."

Senhor Vasco nodded. "Yes; and as A B C are the first letters of the alphabet, so Argentina, Brazil, and Chile are the leading countries in South America."



Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN CHILE IS BUILT OF STRAW HUTS

"Here we are back again in Valparaiso," said Carlos suddenly.

"And we must get out at the next stop, hasten to the hotel, get dinner and be off on our wanderings," added his father.

Two hours afterward the party was seated on the upper deck of a coast steamer sailing out of the harbor of Valparaiso.

There was not much excitement on the trip south; the coast was little broken, the breezes soft, and the waters smooth.

"This sail gives us a chance to get rested," Miss Lee told the children, who were happy in simply being on the water. Before they had time to become restless, they sailed into a fine bay, on one side of which stood the mining town of Lota.

"There's a whaler, as I'm alive!" declared Joe, calling the other children around him. "It's a regular old veteran! I bet it's seen some storms on its way down to the Antarctic!"

"How would you like a trip on that ship to the Strait of Magellan—or say, around Cape Horn?" asked Senhor Vasco, coming up just then.

"Of course, it would be a great adventure." Joe spoke more slowly than usual. "Sometime I'd like to go, but just now——"

"You'd rather stay with us," suggested Carlos.

"Yes, because I'd miss the surprises your father has in store for us."

"It's about time to hear about the next one," said Theresa, patting her father's shoulder.

"Do you see that coal steamer bound for Europe?" was his only answer.

"Yes," came a chorus of voices, followed by Joe's: "That ocean steamer with coal barges drawn up beside it, can't have anything to do with our next adventure."

"It has a great deal. It makes us think that there must be rich coal mines along this shore, else a steamer from distant Germany would not be loading here. In the next place, it makes us consider a visit to one of these mines, which will be different from such visits elsewhere."

"How? How?" cried one after another.

"It reaches down under the ocean, so that if we wish to go through it, we shall have the Pacific for our roof."

"That would be a great adventure, Senhor Vasco. Can't we go? Will you take us there?" Joe piled one question on another.

"That's why I brought you here." The kind gentleman looked as pleased as the children. "We will spend a day or two at Lota a few miles from here; while there, we can travel into the strange under-ocean world of the miners."

To the eager children, time now seemed to drag till they had landed, got settled at a comfortable hotel at the mining town of Lota, and had made their plans for a visit to a neighboring mine.

All started for the mine in great glee, but when they reached the big buildings at its entrance, Lucy and Theresa began to feel a little shaky—they heard

strange noises and could not see where they came from. The manager smiled at the bright, timid faces and said, "If you will come with me you shall see how the coal is lifted up from its dark bed."

He led the way to a big well, up which, by means of pulleys and a steam-engine, heavily laden cars on elevators were being raised to the surface.

"May we visit the mine?" asked Senhor Vasco.

"Certainly," said the manager. "You can enter one of the elevators about to go down."

The boys lost no time in entering; the little girls followed with hands held tightly by their elders. Down, down, they dropped through the dark well till the elevator began to slow up as it approached a tunnel, in which long rows of electric lights broke the darkness.

"We get out here," said the man whom the manager had directed to guide the party. "We will change," he added, "to yonder train about to run out to the mines. A special car will be hitched on for us."

The sightseers were soon settled on the platform of the car and moving fast along the underground and underwater track. Here and there they passed openings into tunnels which led to other parts of the mine. Joe was brimming over with delight over this new experience. "Big steamers sailing over our heads," he cried, "and the Pacific pressing down on the rocky roof—the only thing between the big waters and ourselves!"

Lucy and Theresa had already begun to feel

scared at the strangeness of all around them, but at Joe's words they began to shiver.

"Suppose," said Theresa, "the jar of the train makes the roof of the tunnel tumble in and we are all drowned."

"Never fear, little daughter," said Senhor Vasco comfortingly. "The roof over our heads is a bed of solid stone. Look up and see how dry it is—not a drop of water can push its way through."

Other trains passed the one which bore the sightseers—trains loaded with coal. Here and there the children caught glimpses of dirty, nearly naked miners digging coal in the side tunnels.

Suddenly every one started at the sound of an explosion.

"What's that?" cried Miss Lee.

"There is blasting not far away," explained the guide. He added, "You are safe."

Though all were glad to visit a coal mine stretching under the ocean, yet they were perfectly satisfied when the time came to turn about.

"How beautiful the sunshine is!" cried Lucy when she reached the upper world.

"And the fresh air—" said Theresa, taking long sniffs—"isn't it *good!*"

"But those poor miners!" said Miss Lee. "What a hard, hard life theirs is! I saw boys like you and Joe, Carlos, working in the darkness. How I pity them!"

"As we can't help them, let's change the subject," proposed Senhor Vasco. "What do you all

say to a visit among the Indians? There is an Araucanian village a little ways from here. If we go there we can see just how red people live, who are half civilized."

"Good!" cried Miss Lee and the children.

As they went to prepare for this next trip, Carlos spoke of having met a number of Indians already.

"We are likely to see many more," replied his father. "This part of Chile has been the chief home of the Araucanians ever since they agreed on the Biobio River as a boundary between themselves and the Spaniards. We will meet many Germans too; they have come here to farm the land."

Later on in the day, the children had their happiest time riding out to visit the village of Araucanians.

"They look brave as well as strong," Joe said to Carlos as the boys passed a group of the natives working in a corn-field by the road-side. "What bright-colored ponchos the men wear! And striped too!"

"I wonder if their wives made them," returned Carlos. "The women surely wove the handsome blankets that are wound around their bodies. Don't they look gay in their silver ornaments?"

"I never saw any one wear so much silver before," whispered Lucy, who had skipped up to her brother's side. "Immense ear-rings that pull down the ears with their weight, big silver plates on their breasts, and chains around their necks and ankles! My, but they are *grand!*"

"We can stop at one of the Indian homes," said Senhor Vasco, who had been leading the way. "It will give us a good chance to buy some baskets."

"I'll get a blue and white one for Mummie," decided Lucy immediately. Theresa was equally certain she would buy a basket of yellow straw, because yellow was her dainty little grandmother's favorite color.

"Let's stop at that house over there," proposed Joe. "It is really a shed," he added, "because there is no front to it."

"The roof, for that matter, consists only of skins with a straw thatching," said Miss Lee. "All the homes we have seen, however, are no better."

As the sightseers drew near the hut, an old squaw looked up from her work; she was finishing a beautifully shaped basket which Miss Lee admired greatly. A young squaw, with a tiny papoose strapped on her back, was weaving a striped red and black blanket. The black-eyed baby looked solemnly down at the strangers.

"It doesn't talk any more than the big folks," Lucy whispered to Theresa.

At that very moment the baby began to speak in "goos" so deep that the little girls were taken by surprise. They shortly discovered the reason; it had caught sight of some other papooses who came running into the hut in great glee. They had been picking wild strawberries, and were bringing them to their mother.

While Senhor Vasco and Miss Lee were busy se-

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

THE ARAUCANIAN INDIANS IN CHILE ARE FAMOUS FOR BLANKET WEAVING

lecting baskets, their charges had a chance to examine the red children's home. The walls were black with smoke from fires that had been made in two fireplaces, for there were no chimneys. Heavy skins were drawn back on each side of the open house-front; when storms came these could be let down. In two different corners low beds were nearly shut off from the rest of the hut by rugs or blankets. These beds belonged to the different families of the master of the home. As he had two wives, each one had a separate corner for herself and her children to sleep in, while each one cooked the meals for her family over a separate fireplace. Moreover, as the visitors afterward found out, the Indian who owned this hut was known among his people as "a man of two fires," because he had two wives. If he had had three wives, he would have been called "a man of three fires," and so on.

As the party left the hut, Carlos whispered to his sister, "Did you notice the master when he came in? He squatted down at once before a big bowl of mutton stew which one of the women had just cooked for him."

"Yes, and I could smell the pepper in it, far away as I was."

"His wife acted like a slave," said Theresa. "After she set the dish before her husband, she stood at his back to wait upon him. So did her little girl."

"Poor things! I wonder if they always have to eat the left-overs," replied Lucy; while Joe finished

the subject by declaring that this Indian brave, even if he were a descendant of the famed Araucanians, could be taught better manners.

"And now, little folks," said Senhor Vasco, as they left the Indian village, "we must certainly take a peep at Concepcion, because it is one of the most important cities of Chile. It is on the Biobio, only a short distance away."

A few hours later, as the travelers found themselves in the busy city of Concepcion, they decided they were glad they had come. They had an excellent dinner at the hotel, where they ate delicious fruits and vegetables to their hearts' content. They walked past orchards loaded with pear and cherry blossoms. They listened to a band concert in the plaza. They watched the people going along the streets, many of them being Germans or English; but the ones that interested them most were the Indians. Some of these were fishermen; others were farmers who had brought their wives to trade at the stores; a few were hunters, just returned from the forests of the country south of the city. Some of the Indians were gaily dressed and the squaws were decked in heavy silver jewelry.

Lucy and Theresa fell in love with two little girls who were trotting along by their mother's side. They were barefooted and wore loose dresses of bright red. Their hair hung down in long braids, and their eyes shone like black diamonds, so Lucy said, as they listened to the band music.

From Concepcion, which, as Joe said afterward,

wasn't a very pretty city because it was so flat and there were so many homely sheet-iron houses in it, the travelers paid a flying visit to its port at the mouth of the river. There they saw the principal naval school of Chile, and big whaling ships just returned from the Antarctic; they also visited a factory where whale oil was tried out to be sent to other countries.

"My head is in a whirl," declared Lucy, as the travelers once more started on their way—northward now, as they were to spend a week in Santiago.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROUND ROBIN

I DON'T mind this rain one bit," said Joe.

"Nor I," said one after another.

The travelers had been busy seeing the sights of Santiago for six days, and though they had tried to "go slow," there were so many rides and walks to take and so many places to visit, they had really had little rest. So it was not strange that none of the children minded spending the afternoon in their private sitting-room at the hotel where they were stopping.

"What shall we do with ourselves?" Joe now asked.

"Why not prepare a 'round robin' to send to the dear folks at Rio?" proposed Miss Lee.

Joe and Lucy clapped their hands, as they instantly understood Miss Lee's words. Their young Portuguese friends, however, only looked puzzled.

"A round robin?" questioned Carlos after a moment's silence.

"Just this, Carlos"—Miss Lee smiled—"if every one of us writes to the home folks and we send all that is written in one envelope, we shall have together made a 'round robin.' "

"Good! But shouldn't each one choose a different thing to tell about, so there won't be any repeating?"

"A happy thought! Of course the general subject will be——"

"Santiago," sounded a chorus of voices.

"And now, what will each one of you describe?"

"I'll take Independence Day and the visit to the grand house," declared Joe.

"I'll write about the street-car rides and the lovely park," followed Lucy.

"And I choose the beautiful hill of Santa Lucia," said Theresa.

"Well then, I'll have to choose the city of Saint James itself. I think I'd rather, anyway," said Carlos.

"But you haven't spoken yet, Miss Lee," said Theresa.

"When we have all finished writing, you shall know my choice," said the young girl. "Now then, get your fountain pens and paper, and we will begin our joint letter to the dear ones in Rio."

Five minutes afterward the fall of a pin might have been heard, as five earnest faces were bent over the messages to the loved ones on the other side of the continent.

About an hour later Senhor Vasco entered the room in time to find lots being drawn as to who should read his letter first. It fell to Carlos, who, after a smiling glance at his father, began without delay.

Dear Everybody [so the letter ran]: We have been having a fine time in this city of Santiago. The Spaniard Valdivia named it so in honor of Saint James who, he believed, had guided him in his expedition here from Peru. I want you first to see the place as Valdivia did in the long ago, because sometimes I shut my eyes and imagine myself among the brave, proud Indians who were once so happy here. To begin with, look at that high, rocky hill which was probably made by the pouring out of a volcano. In the country round are the farms of red men, who are busy people, and love work. The boys and girls are happy; they play and laugh and dance and sing, for they have no fear.

But look! a messenger enters the village. He tells of strange looking white men riding strange animals (horses, you know) and shooting fearful fire-arms. They are drawing near. Already they have attacked other Indian villages, have killed many who went out against them, and have taken others prisoners.

The news spreads terror. Well it may, for the red men have only wooden lances and clubs, and roughly made arrows. Besides, they have never seen horses before—they imagine them to be terrible monsters.

Onward press the Spaniards, shining in their coats of mail, and striking right and left with flashing swords and spears. The air is filled with the war-cry of the Indians and the shouts of their enemies. Nobly as the red men fight, the ground is soon strewn with their dead bodies. Valdivia is victor!

And now, dear Everybody, look with me at Santiago today. The rocky hill on which the Spaniards built a fort in the long-ago is now one of the most beautiful places in the world. The rocks are almost hidden by bushes loaded with blossoms, lovely plants and ferns. And from the summit, where the fort used to stand, you can look down over the streets dividing the city into big blocks. There are many fine homes as grand as palaces. From the top of this hill, Santa Lucia, it seems as if trees and flowers were growing up out of the flat roofs of the houses below. This is because

many of them are built around court-yards where the owners have lovely gardens.

We have visited the handsome Palace of Congress, the National Library, the Cathedral, and other grand buildings, about which we will have much to tell you when we get back. Now, however, I must stop because Miss Lee says the time is up.

With great love to you all.

CARLOS.

It fell to Lucy to read next. Clearing her throat, she began:

My dearest Mummie and all the other dear Folks: Here we are in a cosy sitting-room of this grand hotel, busy with a round robin to let you know what we have been seeing the last few days. How I have enjoyed the street-car rides, sitting on the upper deck, and with women conductors to take the fares just as in Valparaiso. I know now why it is a woman: Chile has had a great number of wars, in which so many men fought and got killed that there were not enough to do all the other work. So the women took their places in ever so many ways; and they ran the cars so well that they have kept on running them ever since.

From our high seats on top we can often look over the tops of the low, flat-roofed houses. It's fun to feel so "way up." One day, as we were riding along, we met a grand procession: it was the President of Chile and his company of officers in elegant uniforms. We saluted, of course.

Another time when we were out walking in the Alamedo, the principal avenue of Santiago, many fine carriages and motor cars passed us with richly dressed people in them. Once or twice little girls smiled at me as if they would like to get acquainted. There are long rows of poplars along the Alameda, and people sitting on stone slabs here and there under the trees.

It was very pleasant there, but I like Cousiño Park the best. A very rich lady gave it to the city. It has merry-go-rounds, and candy and fruit-stalls and dancing-stands.

We stood and watched the people at one of these stands. They were dancing the national dance to the music of guitars and mandolins. It was so pretty that Theresa and I have been practising it in our room at the hotel. The dancers pair off, every one holding a handkerchief; and as each couple moves around, always face to face, they swing their handkerchiefs and bend and bow in all sorts of pretty ways.

Dear me! I must stop now, so good-by from
Your very loving

LUCY.

"My turn next," announced Joe, who had been getting a little impatient, "so here goes."

Dear Daddie, [the letter ran] *Mummie Darling, and Adorable Senhora Vasco.*

Joe's listeners broke out into a laugh at the word *adorable.*

"Well, I meant just that, anyway," he declared stoutly, but with reddened cheeks. Then he went on:

I want to tell you about a visit to a grand house where there were rooms and rooms, and then more rooms. It was a regular palace, with wonderful paintings and elegant furniture and rugs, but *not a single chimney!* I suppose the people who live there wrap themselves up in furs and heavy robes when they receive callers on winter days else they might speak frozen words. We were invited to this grand house because Senhor Vasco had a card of introduction to the family from one of his Rio friends.

We were entertained finely. While the big folks were talking, their children took us out to see the beautiful inside court. There was a fountain there, and some marble statues and flower beds, and a stiff eucalyptus tree under which we sat down at a little table to eat plums and pears and rich cakes that a maid brought out to us.

One of the boys in the family told us about the holidays of Chile. There are ever so many church festivals. In one of them, that of Corpus Christi, there is a procession through the city, when the troops are splendid in bright-colored uniforms and waving plumes. There are also different bodies of priests, led by the Archbishop. The streets are lined with people who kneel as the procession passes them.

The best festival of all, I think, is that of Independence Day. It is celebrated on the 18th of September, and not on the Fourth of July like ours. So hurrah! I say, for the brave Chilenos! The children here say it's a great time—entertainments in every park and plaza, and all sorts of good things. Even the poorest people have a deal of fun; they save up money for weeks beforehand to spend then.

I wish you were all here to enjoy Chile with us. It's a great country.

Good-by till my next,

JOE.

As Joe laid down his letter, Miss Lee said, "And now we must hear from our little Theresa."

The little girl looked shyly around. Then at a smiling nod from her father, she began:

Most precious Grandma and dear Friends: I can't write as well or as fast as the others. So I will tell about just one beautiful sight I have seen here in this big city. Please shut your eyes and *think* yourselves up on top of the hill of Santa Lucia at sunset time. We look down at the city getting ready for its night's sleep. We see boys and girls running home along the paths that wind so prettily round and round the hill with flowers and vines along the way. And then, dear folks, we look off, off, ever so far, at the mountains around us. Their snowy tops look rosy now in the sunset light which is spreading in wonderful colors over the sky in the west. I hold my breath. It seems as if I were in fairyland. And so, when we have to go down

the hill, and the tiled roofs of the houses are still shining with the sun-glow upon them, I want to keep still. It seems as if God were speaking in the beautiful colors.

Your own loving

THERESA.

Senhor Vasco's eyes were dim as his little daughter finished. All he said, however, was "Good, little Theresa." And then, "It is clearing off, children. After the round robin is mailed, we might take a little walk before packing for our journey to-morrow."

"You haven't read your letter yet, Miss Lee," cried Joe.

"Please, *please,*" came from the others, including Senhor Vasco.

"If I must, then,"—the young girl smiled—"but I fear you won't be interested." Then she began:

Dear Friends in Rio: While our little folks are telling you about the beauties of Santiago, I will write a few words about the very poor boys and girls whom I have seen on the streets here. Their parents work hard, but their pay is so small that many of them live in mud huts and dress in the cheapest garments. I saw two little urchins in the market-place one day. I was out walking alone. They were barefooted, and shouting the names of the newspapers they had to sell. Their skins were dark and their eyes black, so I think they were part Spanish and part Indian. Though their trousers were ragged and their hats torn, I must say they looked happy.

Afterward I went to the poor quarter of Santiago on the other side of the river. How dirty and ugly the little low huts looked! How different from the grand homes of the rich people in the part of the city where we are staying! I hope that these rich people will soon do more to make the

poor have better homes, and give them better pay, so that their children will grow up to be wise and healthy.

Our own little folks are very well and happy. As we go so fast from one place to another, they have no time for study, but I am sure they are learning a great deal, nevertheless.

Faithfully yours,

ANNA LEE.

When Senhor Vasco had taken the round robin to be mailed, he had added a short note of his own in which he wrote:

We are having a jolly time and learning much of the world. But this is not all: we are learning from each other. My own children, for instance, are waking up more and more from being constantly with wide-awake Joe and Lucy. Carlos is becoming less selfish and has a better hold of his temper than he used to have, while my little Theresa is changing into a merry, healthy little body with roses in her cheeks where lilies used to be. I am sure Miss Lee, after tiresome years as a poor teacher, is having a joyful rest, while I—yes, I confess it—am becoming young again.

You all will be glad to know that, wherever we go, our children win friends.

Sincerely yours,

PEDRO VASCO.

CHAPTER V

ON A CHILEAN FARM

"WHAT a beautiful place to live in!" said Lucy in her outspoken, childish way.

The little girl was swinging in a hammock on a wide porch facing the inner court of Mr. Arnold's home. Beds of flowering plants spread out in front of her admiring eyes. Tall palm trees gave a pleasant shade. Children were flitting here and there among the flowers.

"Wait till you have been around the estate," replied a tall, handsome boy a little older than Joe. "We will get up a riding party by and by, and then we will have some fun. But tell me, did you enjoy your trip here from the Capital?"

"Yes, indeed. I shall never forget the lovely orchards and vineyards we passed as we left the city behind us, nor the pretty river that kept us company for a while, nor the big ox-teams and pack-mules drawn up at the stations. And then the elegant homes we caught peeks at from the car windows! They stood in the midst of big grain fields and orchards, like queens among their subjects. Oh, but there were some things I didn't like!" Lucy suddenly sat upright. "It was the peeps I got of the

smoking volcanoes away off among the other mountains. I've seen them before on our way over the Andes from Argentina."

"If you lived here"—Arthur smiled—"you would soon get used to them. I never think about them. So let's come back to our valley. Perhaps you don't know that at least one-half of the people of Chile live in this big central valley and have enough work to keep them busy, too."

"Oh-h!" Lucy seemed surprised.

"Yes. Father owns two thousand acres, and his estate isn't one of the largest ones in the country, by any means. Of course, *he* doesn't work. He has a manager, and under the manager are ever so many superintendents, and under them are hundreds of workmen—we call them peons."

"Your father must be very rich." As Lucy spoke, she thought of the dozens of rooms in this beautiful home, of the many servants, of the elegant clothing and jewels of Arthur's mother who she had decided must be Spanish, and the great number of guests in the house.

"I bet there are thirty visitors here besides ourselves," Joe had whispered to his sister soon after their arrival. "It seems more like a hotel than a house party."

"Ye-es. At any rate, we are all very happy," said Arthur. "We have a big home in Santiago, too, where we go for the winter."

"But if a few people own such big estates, I suppose the thousands and thousands who do the work

are poor." Lucy did not mean to be rude. She was simply trying to understand.

"Of course." Arthur yawned. "Our peons have little more pay than I have pocket money. They work hard, too; they live in mud huts and don't have much to eat besides beans, and meal stirred up in flour. I'd starve on such food." The boy laughed good-naturedly. Then his face grew sober as he added: "I heard the manager tell father the other day that many of the babies on the farm die because they don't have as good food as they ought. I hope father will make it all right. The workmen love him, even though every one of them carries a knife at his belt to use if he gets angry."

Lucy shuddered. Arthur did not notice it, however, because, just then, a group of his young guests came running up. Carlos, Joe and Theresa were with them.

"Isn't it time for our ride?" cried Maria, one of Arthur's sisters, who was dark like her Spanish mother.

"If you are all ready," the young host answered, "we'll start at once."

Leading the way to an outer court-yard, Arthur directed some grooms to bring up horses and ponies for the party. The animals were well-trained; their sides were glossy as silk; their trappings were richly trimmed with silver.

"I feel like a queen," Lucy told Theresa, when the two little girls were seated on jet black ponies, and sat waiting for the word to start.

"And I," was the reply, as with laughs and merry calls, the party of young folks prepared to follow their leader. His two favorite dogs were already leaping about Arthur in delight, as they were to go with the party.

At a sign from him, the riders cantered off through the country, now past broad fields of waving grain, now beside orchards and vineyards; and again past meadows in which sleek horses and cattle were feeding. Sometimes the children caught sight of groups of mud huts around which barefooted, dark-eyed boys and girls were playing, or working among patches of vegetables. Sometimes one of these would look up wonderingly at the gay, prettily dressed horseback riders who had come from the grand palace they had never perhaps entered.

Before turning homeward Arthur and his guests met one of the overseers riding on horseback among the workmen. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a handsomely trimmed cloak. His dogs were with him, keeping close to his side whenever he stopped to give an order.

"Oxen, instead of horses, seem to do the plowing and other hard work," Joe told Carlos as they returned to the house. "What patient beasts they are! With such heavy yokes on their necks, I can't help pitying them as they plod along."

That evening the children of the household gathered in one of the big rooms for games and dances. During one of these dances Joe and Carlos stopped to rest. They chanced to find themselves sitting be-

side a handsome girl of fourteen whom Arthur had introduced as his sister Maria. They began talking together and Carlos told of the coast trip to the coal mines and Concepcion.

"I have been there," Maria said quickly, "but also far beyond, for I was born in the most southern city of the world."

The boys looked at Maria almost enviously. "Do tell us about it," begged Joe. "Where is it?"

"Why! don't you know about Punta Arenas?" Maria seemed surprised. "It is on the coast of this country, but far south, almost down to the Straits of Magellan. And it is an important city too—big ships are continually entering the harbor to receive cargoes for other lands."

"What can they get down there where it is so cold? Why, icebergs must be in sight most of the time!" Carlos was wide awake with curiosity.

"Ever so many things." Maria's dark eyes twinkled. "Just remember that in the country back of us reaching through Argentine Patagonia—we were in Chilean Patagonia, you know, and that is narrow—there are big sheep ranches and ostrich farms. The Indians, as well as white men, down there are coming to Punta Arenas every day with furs and wool to sell. Sometimes one of them brings a beautiful robe made out of the feathers from the breasts of young ostriches. My mother had one of those robes."

The girl's eyes filled with tears as she spoke of her mother. Joe and Carlos could not understand

the reason, till Arthur explained afterward that Maria was only his adopted sister and had lived with him and his parents only a few months. She was an orphan and his parents had taken pity on her.

"Oh!" Maria went on quickly, "another reason Punta Arenas is such a busy place is that it has stores of coal always ready for the steamers that pass by. That is where they get loaded up so they can keep on with long voyages."

"Weren't the Indians you saw very wild?" asked Joe.

"No, indeed! they were quite civilized. But if I had wished to see wild ones, I would have gone down to Tierra del Fuego. There are some there still, and a great many on the neighboring islands. We had a friend who had a sheep ranch on Tierra del Fuego. It is pretty cold there—a strange country. One can find grass and ferns, and trees, and yet see glaciers and snow at the same time. Not so *very* many years ago there was no one on the island but Indians, just as in the days when Magellan sailed through the Strait and they built signal fires in their canoes. That was why he called the island the *Land of the Fires,* or Tierra del Fuego."

"How funny! but you say white men live there now—I suppose to get rich raising sheep."

"Yes, they went down and made war on the Indians because they wanted the land themselves. When I was little our friend used to tell me stories about those Indians. They don't know enough to

make themselves comfortable. Till lately they wore scarcely any clothes, but greased their bodies to keep them warm. They eat fish and ground rats and penguins, mostly. Some of them paddle about in the dangerous waters in dug-outs which they hollow out of trees. Others have bark canoes. They spend most of their time hunting the guanaco with bows and arrows."

"Oh!" sighed Joe. He was wishing he could take a voyage to the Straits of Magellan and see the wild life there.

Maria seemed to catch his thought. "If you ever should want to take a voyage down there," she said, "don't try to round Cape Horn, that wicked rock which has wrecked so many vessels. Few ships go down there now. Their captains find it safer to sail through the Straits. I've been to the southern edge of the mainland myself, and looked out on Smith's Channel. It is beautiful there."

Again her listeners looked at her enviously.

"What did you see?" asked Joe eagerly.

"Snowy mountain peaks, and blue glaciers sliding down to the shore, and foaming cataracts falling over the cliffs, and floating icebergs out in the waters, shining in the sunlight. Oh-h!" said the girl breathlessly, as she thought of the wonders she had looked upon.

"But you are glad to be here in this beautiful valley now?" Carlos suggested.

"Oh, yes. Many of the people at Punta Arenas are rough and so my mother seldom let me go about

alone. And here, with these good friends, I feel safe and free."

"Did you have a rough voyage up the coast?" asked Joe.

"Not at all. All along the coast below Concepcion there are many islands—Chiloe is the largest, you probably know—from there down they lie close together; and with the pretty channels between them, and the deep bays lined with high cliffs cutting into the mainland, one is never tired of watching, watching, watching."

Maria closed her eyes dreamily, and the boys turned to find themselves surrounded by a group of merry youngsters.

"What *have* you been talking about so long?" asked Lucy. "We just had a splendid game—something new to me."

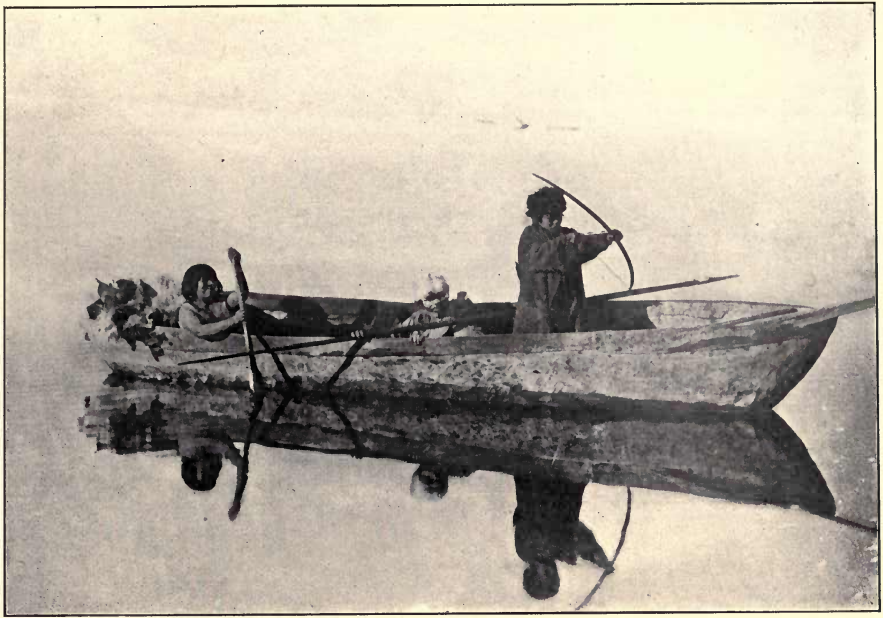
"And we've been listening to a splendid story," said Carlos, bowing gracefully to Maria.

"And now comes my turn," said Miss Lee, coming toward the group. "I have to remind my charges it is past bedtime and that to-morrow we must make an early start. Senhor Vasco has been telling me his plans: we are to leave this delightful home and go to Valparaiso, and from there——" she stopped with a merry laugh.

"Do we take a coast steamer for Peru?" asked Joe eagerly.

"Yes, but not to stay there—not now, at any rate. We are to visit Bolivia first."

"Hurrah for the country of wonders!"



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THIS INDIAN DUGOUT IN SOUTH CHILE IS MADE OF A HUGE TREE

At Joe's exclamation the Chilean children broke into a laugh—the American boy's excitable ways amused them. Then away all scampered to bed, after a good many words of disappointment that the travelers from Rio could stay no longer.

PART IV

THE LANDS OF GOLD, SILVER AND TIN AND THE BRIDGE OF WATER

CHAPTER I

BOLIVIA THE WONDERFUL

"HOW shall we ever land?" Miss Lee's voice was dismal indeed, but Senhor Vasco only laughed in reply.

The ship bearing our travelers was entering the port of Mollendo on the lower coast of Peru. On either side were high rocks against which the surf broke in mighty waves.

"The captain says it is not as wild to-day as it often is," comforted Senhor Vasco when he had stopped laughing. "We can make a safe landing, without doubt. Of course," he continued, as the children came up, "we might have landed at Arica, the Chilean port near the border. From there, we could have gone over the highway made by the Incas centuries ago. But it is a hard, rough road and a long one."

"This is a heap better," declared Joe. "It will be an adventure worth having."

Carlos agreed with Joe, but the little girls were even more fearful than Miss Lee.

However, when the landing had been safely made, and the party had boarded the train that was to carry them over the Andes to the wonderful sights beyond, every one was ready to make merry.

"This evening we shall reach Arequipa and still be in Peru," said Senhor Vasco. "Then, after a night's rest, we take the train once more; and at sunset we will be standing on the shores of a lake held sacred by the Incas—the highest, and one of the most wonderful in the world—Lake Titicaca."

There was little for the travelers to enjoy from the car windows that first day. Sand lay everywhere about them. Now it was in flat stretches; again, where the wind could sweep freely, it was piled up in shifting mounds.

But the children were happy because Senhor Vasco told them stories of the countries they had come to visit. Peru with its lofty mountains and volcanoes held stores of gold, silver and copper. In Bolivia, for the most part a high plateau, these were also to be found, as well as rich mines of tin. Here, in the long ago, lived the Incas, the most civilized Indians known. Here they had their cities, their palaces and temples.

Here, too, were the homes of the llama, the alpaca, and the vicuña, which furnished the wool and hair for the rich garments of the Incas. The llamas, proud, patient creatures, were their beasts of burden, and carried heavy loads of gold and silver over the mountain passes; they furnished milk and flesh for the natives' food; their skins were used for garments, their wool was woven into rugs and fine cloths; their sinews were made into thread.

"Many an Indian boy in those olden days had his pet llama," Senhor Vasco told the children. "I have

read how devoted the little creature was to his young master and how it would follow him about like a dog. And so sure-footed! Why, in traveling over the steep, narrow mountain passes, I doubt if any other animal is so sure-footed. Besides, it can go, like the camel, for days without food or water. It is said to have the head of a camel, the body of a sheep, and the legs of a deer. It is really a beautiful creature. But there! I won't tell you any more about llamas till you see them for yourselves."

"Oh dear! I'm in one of my hurries again!" exclaimed Joe. "I want to get to Lake Titicaca *quick!*"

"Only one more day!" said Theresa consolingly.

"And now, dear Senhor Vasco, please tell us about the other animals you spoke of," begged Lucy. "The alpaca and the vicuña. They are sort of cousins of the llama, aren't they?"

"Yes, they belong to the same family, as well as the guanacos we saw in Patagonia. The vicuña is smaller than the llama, and more beautiful. Its fur is very handsome. It is getting scarce now.

"In the days of the Incas, the Indians were allowed to hunt it only at certain times. Then, at the order of the ruler, a great company would start out in search of some flock grazing on the wild mountain slopes. They must move softly, for the leader of the flock would be on guard. His keen ears would discover the slightest sound and he would give the alarm by a shrill whistle and a pawing of his feet. Then away the timid creatures would flee along nar-

row ledges and down the sides of steep cliffs where no man dare follow."

"But if the hunters succeeded," suggested Carlos.

"If they managed to close in on their game, they did not kill the whole flock. The great ruler would not permit that. A certain number were killed for their skins, and the flesh which they would cut in strips and dry for food. Still others were made prisoners and shorn of their heavy wool, but afterward allowed to go free. The babies of the flock, however, beautiful little creatures with soft, white breasts, were seldom touched. Why? Because if left to themselves, they would become full-sized vicuñas that would furnish food and fur for thousands of the Inca's subjects."

"And now, Papa, please tell us something about the alpacas," said Theresa.

"We may possibly see some of them in our wanderings," was the reply. "They are smaller than vicuñas and are tended by their masters like sheep. Their wool is almost as fine as silk. You all, probably, have seen cloth made from it—it wears 'like iron,' as Mrs. Grayson would say. And now," he continued, "I'm going to take a snooze behind my paper while Miss Lee, perhaps, will play dominoes with you."

The rest of the day went by much faster than the children expected; but when night came and they reached the city of Arequipa they were so tired that

they were glad to tumble into bed at the hotel with scarcely a peek at the city.

"To-day we may have another adventure, Joe," Senhor Vasco said the next morning with a smile. "On our journey over the Andes you will find yourselves higher up than on any other railroad in the world except one."

"And that one?" asked Joe quickly.

"Is north of us, and starting from Lima, the capital of Peru, also crosses the Andes. But never fear, you will all think yourselves high enough before we reach Lake Titicaca."

Later on in the day every one was quite ready to agree with the Senhor. The train was moving through a high pass in the mountains. Banks of clouds lay below. In all directions the travelers found themselves neighbors to snowy cliffs. Their breath came fast as they realized that they were indeed riding over the roof of South America. Then, suddenly, as Carlos caught sight of a mother vicuña with two snow-white little ones at her side, Theresa cried out, "My nose is bleeding!"

"Here, dear, take this—it is bigger than yours," said her father, handing her his handkerchief. As he did so, he discovered that Miss Lee's face was very pale. She was leaning her head against the side of the car. The next minute Lucy exclaimed in a frightened tone, "I'm dizzy!"

"Don't be scared. You will all feel right in a few minutes," comforted Senhor Vasco, who did not seem the least disturbed. "Your bad feelings come

from our being up so high. They will go just as soon as we reach a lower level."

So it proved. A half-hour afterward the children were gaily planning what they would do when they reached Lake Titicaca.

All their imaginings were as nothing, however, when the lake itself lay spread before their eyes. They left the train at Puno, Peru's western port, and went on board a steamboat that would carry them through the lake's beautiful waters to the Bolivian port on the other side.

As they moved out of the little harbor, they were filled more and more with wonder—"and bursting with questions," as Joe said afterward.

How could there be such a steamboat up among mountain peaks? Had it been brought there? Impossible! And whence came the deep waters of this lake that Senhor Vasco said was bottomless? Such a big lake too, the highest in the world, larger than all the Swiss lakes together! And so strange—why, it was so near the sky, it seemed as if one might almost stretch out one's hand and touch it! At first, even Joe, chatterer that he was, and with questions piling up in his mind, had no thought of asking them —not now, at least. But by and by, as the travelers got used to the idea of looking across at mountain summits instead of lifting their eyes up toward them, they began to talk.

"The steamer had a longer journey before it reached this lake than we did," Senhor Vasco told the children. "Moreover, it came in parts, which

were put together after this great height was reached."

"Where were the different parts made?" asked Carlos.

"I suppose in Scotland, after which they crossed the Atlantic, passed through the Straits of Magellan, sailed up the Pacific, were landed at Mollendo, and then climbed the Andes as we did."

"Whew! that *was* a long way to come," declared Joe. "I should think the people would rather do all the building here."

"They can't, my dear boy. This is not a machine-making country. From the rich mines in the mountains about us copper and silver, gold and tin are taken out, and shipped to other lands. They in return send back manufactured goods that are needed here. Turn and turn about, you see."

"What makes this lake?" now asked Lucy.

"Look around you at the glaciers and snow-covered peaks. The snow and ice are continually melting and forming rivers. It is said that nine of these rivers form this deep and beautiful lake. But listen!" Senhor Vasco had caught the words of a fellow passenger who was pointing out certain mountain peaks.

"Those two mountains were worshiped as gods by the Incas," the gentleman was saying. "That one over there is Illimani, the highest in Bolivia. The word means 'Bright condor.' The other is Mt. Sorata."

As the steamer moved on its way, it passed sev-

eral large islands on which mud huts, with patches of potatoes and barley near by, could be plainly seen. Indian boys and girls were playing along the shore.

"We have reached the home of the potato," the strange gentleman was telling his friends. "Many of us living in other lands owe a debt to Bolivia for the vegetable we like so much. And, by the way, the natives, both of this country and Peru, like them best when prepared in a way you probably never heard of. The raw potatoes are soaked in water and left outdoors during the night to freeze. After that, people tread on them with bare feet till the skins are rubbed off. Last of all, they are dried in the air till they become very white, and as hard as stones. Before they are cooked they must be soaked in water. I must say I don't care for chuño, as such potatoes are called, because they seem tasteless, but nearly every one I know here thinks chuño delicious."

"I, for one, don't care to try the queer dish," said Miss Lee. "The idea of the potatoes being trodden upon by bare feet is not a pleasant one."

As the steamer neared the Bolivian port, Chilillaya, the children were much interested in the queer boats along the shore. They were made of reeds bound into tight rolls, and then woven together. Their sails were of straw. The men on board were either Indians or cholos, as those who belong to the mixed race of Indians and Spaniards are called in

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

INDIAN BOATS ON LAKE TITICACA ARE MADE OF STRAW

Bolivia. These boats were made exactly in the same way as in the time of the Incas.

"Look, look, everybody!" cried Joe, as one of them came up alongside the steamer. A barefooted Indian boy was poling it along. In front of him was a pet llama which stretched its neck proudly as it looked up toward the big noisy steamer.

"I never!" exclaimed Lucy. "That llama's wool never took on such colors by itself!"

"Indeed not!" said Senhor Vasco, laughing. "A paint-brush dipped into bright reds and blues has laid those stripes on the creature's back."

"And see!" put in Theresa. "Ribbons are tied through holes in its ears. How funny!"

By this time the passengers were making their way to the gangplank.

"Bolivia the wonderful!" said Miss Lee, as the party entered the crowd pressing forward to go ashore.

During the next three days the children were kept busy seeing new and strange sights. They visited the ruins of old Inca palaces on the shore of the lake. They took a boat ride, stopping at the island of Titicaca where once stood a temple sacred to the sun. There, they were told, in the long ago, the red men made pilgrimages, each one carrying gold and other precious gifts to the sun-god. Then came the cruel Spaniards.

"Though they kill us or make us their slaves they shall not have the treasures in our temple!" vowed

the people. So they tore it down and cast its wealth into the lake.

Once, as Theresa looked over the boat's edge, she fancied she saw something shining like gold far below. But when her father reminded her of the unknown depth, she joined with the others in a laugh at herself.

The travelers also went on mule-back with a guide through the wild country. They passed several trains of llamas loaded with silver on their way to the port for shipment. The loads seemed nearly even in size.

"The llamas are sensible creatures," said Senhor Vasco. "If their masters place too heavy burdens on their backs they do not kick or cry out. They simply lie down and refuse to get up till the load is lightened."

"Will they bite?" asked Lucy.

"No, but if they are angry they will do something far worse—they spit."

"Spit!" cried Miss Lee.

"Yes, and the spittle has a most unpleasant odor. So, in our wanderings, we had best not venture near a llama that shakes its head at us in an unfriendly way."

"I suppose that Indian's poncho is made of llama wool." As Carlos spoke, he looked in the direction of the leader of the train they were passing.

"I think so," replied his father. "It looks warm and comfortable even though the cloth is coarse. What beautiful colors it has!"

"Every few minutes the man takes something out of a little embroidered bag at his belt. Our guide does the same thing," whispered Joe. "Whatever it is, they put it in their mouths. I wonder if it is tobacco."

"No, it must be coca, which the people here chew continually. It refreshes them. With its help, they can keep working or walking for hours without food, or feeling tired. And now I think of it, the cocaine which the dentist used last year to deaden the pain when he pulled out one of my teeth, may have come from a coca plant that grew in Bolivia."

"I wonder if those little children are gathering coca." Carlos pointed toward a field where several boys and girls were picking long thin leaves from some tall plants.

The guide heard him and nodded yes.

"I wish we had time to take a side trip from here to Cuzco. It is just over the border, in Peru," said Senhor Vasco, as the party turned back toward the hotel.

"Why, Papa?" asked Theresa.

"Because that was once the capital of the Inca kingdom. It was there that the great ruler himself, the Child of the Sun, so his people believed, held his court. In those days there were temples in the city lined with gold; there, too, was the royal palace where the Inca dined off dishes of solid gold and silver. There, when he so pleased, he rode through the streets in a litter resplendent in gold and emeralds, and borne by richly-clad attendants. Ah! those

were happy days for his subjects, before Pizarro came to torture and make slaves of the red men." Senhor Vasco sighed with pity.

When the sightseers reached the hotel all but Senhor Vasco went to their rooms to get ready for dinner. He stayed behind in the lobby to talk with a gentleman whom he had not seen there before, but whose face seemed familiar.

When he joined Miss Lee and the children his face was bright with smiles.

"To-morrow morning," he said gaily, "we can wake up in Cuzco."

"What!" cried Joe.

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed Miss Lee.

"But it *is* possible!" Senhor Vasco laughed like a boy. "The gentleman whom I met when we came back from our walk is Señor Valdo, a Spaniard with whom I became acquainted years ago. He is a government official at Cuzco. He leaves Lake Titicaca for home to-night in his private car, and he invites us to go with him. We can see Cuzco pretty well in two days, and another night's ride will bring us back again."

"Splendid!" cried Lucy, who had heard that Cuzco was the most interesting city of South America, as far as history went.

The upshot of the matter was that everything took place quite as Senhor Vasco said it would. There was a night's ride in a comfortable private car, and there was a waking up when Cuzco was reached.

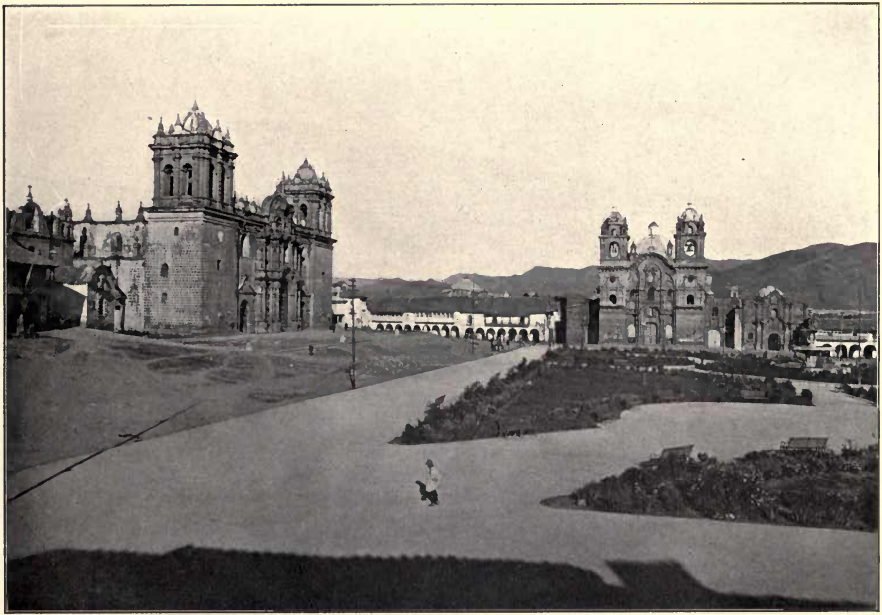


Photo by E. M. Newman

IMPOSING BUILDINGS FACE EACH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT CUZCO

As the morning sun rose a merry party left the train, ready for wonderful sights.

"How strange!" said Theresa. She was looking up at the top of the fortress-hill behind the city, on whose edge stood a gigantic wooden crucifix.

"One of the first things the Spaniards did after seizing Cuzco was to place that crucifix there," explained Señor Valdo. "It marks the spot where the Incas had built an altar to the sun which they worshiped."

As the travelers walked on through a dirty, narrow street, they felt disappointed. The houses on either side looked cheap and common and the open drains were full of refuse.

"Ugh!" they thought, "can this be the wonderful city I have come to see?"

But their disappointment did not last long. On a sudden, the street opened upon a beautiful public square.

There were shade trees and clover beds in the square, and an odd fountain standing on a stone column. It was a bronze head of the Christ, from whose mouth a stream of clear, sparkling water was constantly flowing.

"Oh-h!" now cried every one in delight. In every direction was something interesting—old buildings hundreds and hundreds of years old, and openings into narrow streets where toll houses stood on stone foundations laid by the Incas centuries ago.

On one side of the square was a church and convent. On another was an old palace fortress in

whose sides were loop holes for firing. Señor Valdo lived only a short distance from this square. A housekeeper had charge of his home, as he had no family.

"It is very quiet, but my housekeeper will do her best to make you comfortable," he told Senhor Vasco. "I am sorry," he added, "that I shall be too busy to go about the city with you. I will get you a good guide, however."

Little time was spent that day, or the next, at the kind official's home, as there was so much outside to be seen.

"Let us first see what the Spaniards have done for the town," proposed Senhor Vasco.

The guide, who was a young soldier, heard the words. "You should first see our wonderful cathedral," he said, and he led the way to the principal square of the city on which the cathedral faced.

"How big and strong it is!" exclaimed Joe. "It looks like a fortress."

"No fortress would have belfry towers like those, nor would it have a doorway rich with pillars and fine carving," said Miss Lee, feasting her eyes on the beauty of the doorway.

By this time the guide had unlocked the massive door and the visitors entered the cathedral. They stood still for a minute to get used to the dim light inside. Gradually everything around them became clear. Pictured knights and bishops and grand church processions stared down at them from the walls. Far down in front shone the high altar of

solid silver, richly carved and embossed. Around it were a pulpit and stalls of dark wood, also richly ornamented. The children held their breath as they caught sight of statues, large as life, of Jesus and His disciples, all of solid silver.

A fresh surprise was in store when they visited the choir. Here were life size statues of saints and apostles, and more rich carvings.

The guide now described other treasures belonging to the cathedral—gold and silver dishes and sacred vessels set with precious gems. No one might say what was their value.

On leaving the building the visitors were taken to see an old inn, and some noted churches which they found rich in carving and gold and silver. Afterwards they made a flying call at the university whose president was an American.

"Only think!" said Lucy, when the party had returned to their host's for lunch, "that university is the oldest one in the whole western continent. I'm glad I saw it."

"I too!" said Joe, "and I'm glad of the nice talk with the president. He told me something I had not heard before,—that every one believes there are rich stores of gold and jewels hidden in the ground of this city by the old Incas. I'd like to stay here a while and do some digging."

Joe looked so earnest, it made the others laugh.

"Next time you come here, you may be able to stay longer and carry out your wish," said Senhor

Vasco. "In the meantime who would like to go with me to the museum this afternoon?"

"I," "I," "I," cried one after another.

An hour later the sightseers climbed a hillside to the house which contained the museum. On the way they passed a fountain around which a crowd of Indians were gathered with their trains of llamas. They had stopped to drink the cool mountain water.

When the party reached the museum they were tired and hot, but all felt satisfied at having come when they had looked at the curiosities there.

First of all, a row of mummies stared down at them from shelves against the walls. Lucy and Theresa shuddered when they discovered them, their elbows resting on their knees, and their bony hands clasping their heads. Their skin was dark and shrivelled, and their hair long and black.

"Those are the mummies of Incas," explained the old Spaniard who had charge of the museum. "In the long ago the Indians took the bodies of their dead friends to the top of a high mountain and left them to wither in the rare air till they became mummies. Then they were brought down and placed in baskets, together with their richest clothing."

"Did everything in this place once belong to the Incas?" Lucy asked. She had turned from the mummies to examine some beautiful baskets, and pieces of finely woven cloth. The colors of the cloth were as bright as if they had been woven that very day.

"Everything," said the man. He now pointed out

Photo by E. M. Newman

THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD SPANISH INN AT CUZCO

some fine carvings in stone, and held up a bundle of silk threads of different colors and lengths.

"Every thread in such a bundle told a story to the Incas," he explained. "They kept their records in this way. But no one to-day can read such a bundle—no one."

That night the travelers went to bed "with the birds." But when the sun rose over the mountain tops next morning it found them dressed, and eager to start for the remains of the fortress of the Incas on the hill back of the city.

"Now you shall have a chance to sit in the Seats of the Mighty," Senhor Vasco told the children, but he would not explain what he meant.

The way to the fortress led up out of the town along a road built against the side of a narrow ledge. A steep bank on the right reached down to a pretty stream far below.

"The wall at our left was once a part of the fortress of the Incas," explained the guide. "You will soon see still more powerful walls."

After an hour's hard climb the party reached the top of the hill and found it was almost level. They were on the summit of a fortress temple that had once been protected by three immense walls. They had already wondered at the greatness of the walls they had seen on the way up, but before them was one still more wonderful. It was made of blocks of stone, some of them as large as houses, and fitted together as closely as bricks in any fine city building, yet no mortar had been used. How had these

immense rocks been brought here? How had they been set in place?

"No one will ever be able to tell us," said Senhor Vasco, thoughtfully.

All around stretched the great wall in a half-circle. Inside it stood the remains of two other walls somewhat smaller.

On the open side, far behind, lay Cuzco with its narrow streets and churches. The guide led the way to the edge of the plain not far from the large crucifix which the travelers had noted when they arrived in the city. All stood for a while looking down at the sight below; then across the valley to the snow-topped mountains beyond.

"The Incas must have felt safe with such a fortress to guard their city," said Carlos.

"Nothing could be safe from the Spaniards with their greed of gold," said his father.

"But we have not yet seen the Seats of the Mighty," he added gaily. "Come, our guide is ready to lead us there."

Leaving the temple fortress the party went to the plain behind it where they found immense stone seats cut out of the solid rock. Some were single, some in pairs, some were in rows, one above the other.

"The seats of the Incas," said the guide. "No one knows why they were built."

The children had great sport springing from one seat to another, and sitting down to try their size.

"I'm ready to leave this lonely place," said The-

Photo by E. M. Newman

THE RUINS OF THE INCA FORT NEAR CUZCO ARE MASSIVE AND HIGH

resa, after a while. "I feel queer, just as if there were ghosts around. Come, let's go down."

"All ready to follow Theresa," said her father with a smile, and the party started on the tramp back to the city.

After the visitors had reached their host's house and enjoyed baths and a hearty meal, there was just time enough, before the train should leave, for a walk past some of the city shops. On the way the sightseers passed groups of gaily dressed Indians.

"There can't be many white people in Cuzco," Lucy said afterwards when all were settled for their night ride back to Lake Titicaca.

"Only a small number," said Senhor Vasco. "But the Indians are gentle and happy, and there is nothing to fear from them."

"What shall we do to-morrow?" asked Carlos sleepily.

"Soon after we arrive in Bolivia we might start for La Paz, its principal city; that is, if you are all well rested."

"Of course we'll be rested," said Joe indignantly.

"The journey I am planning will be only forty-five miles," continued Senhor Vasco. "We could go there in a wagon drawn by six or eight mules. But it would be a rough and tiresome trip for you all, so I think we had best travel by train. To-morrow then, wake up with the thought of a fresh start."

CHAPTER II

THE CITY OF THE TRUE CROSS

WE left Lake Titicaca the day before you did and came by mule-train."

The gentleman who was saying these words to Senhor Vasco in the hotel corridor at Vera Cruz was no other than the fellow traveler whose words our little friends had heard when aboard a steamer on Lake Titicaca. A lady and two blue-eyed little girls stood beside him. As he introduced them, he explained that they were his sister and nieces who had come from America to visit him, for he had made Bolivia his home many years ago.

"I almost regret we did not follow your example, instead of taking the train," said Senhor Vasco.

"I am sorry that you missed the experience," replied the gentleman. "Sometimes we rode close to the edge of precipices; sometimes we came upon flocks of llamas or alpacas, and set them scurrying down the slopes in a jiffy. And the air from the mountains around us! Clear as crystal! Why, sir, I have become a new man since I came to live on this plateau."

Joe stood listening greedily. He almost groaned with envy. But he soon forgot what *might* have

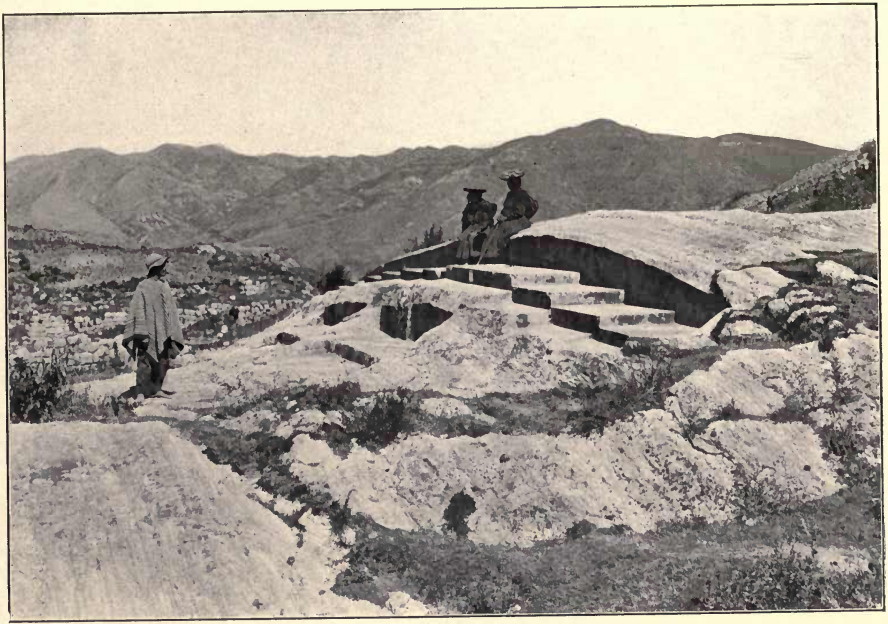


Photo by E. M. Newman

THE SEATS OF THE INCAS AT CUZCO

been when he began to eat the good dinner in the hotel dining-room. There were the dearest little pink potatoes with other fresh vegetables and roast mutton. And at dessert the children had not only oranges and pineapples, but the strangest, most delicious fruit they had ever eaten—at least, that was what they said at the time.

"It's like ice-cream!" declared Joe, as he tasted the cold, smooth pulp. "I can't quite tell the flavor —it's not like anything else, I know," he added.

Early next morning, when our travelers visited the market, they saw piles of this very fruit that looked like immense bean pods.

"I never would have believed without being told that it isn't a vegetable," said Miss Lee.

The market-place was a mass of bright colors. Gaily dressed women were squatting side by side in front of mats on which were piles of lemons, quinces, and tiny potatoes, some pink and some purple. The fruits and vegetables of all climates could be seen.

"They come from the slopes below us," explained Senhor Vasco. "In Bolivia and Peru we travel, as you know, from the hot lands at the foot of the Andes to this cool plateau. Hence there are always feasts of good things here to be had for the buying."

As he spoke, an Indian woman on the ground in front of him called out her wares. A baby tucked into her shawl at the back began to laugh and crow at Lucy.

"How fat the woman is!" Theresa whispered to her brother.

"It's her many short skirts that make her look so," he answered. "Can't you see she just bulges with them? I shouldn't wonder if she has on half a dozen. Don't you see, too, that all the women around us wear many skirts?"

"Oh, yes! and their bright colors make this place look like a kaleidoscope—bright reds and blues and greens and purples. What a funny sight!"

A minute afterward Lucy said to Miss Lee, "It makes me feel queer to see here so few white people like ourselves. They are almost all Indians."

"Or partly so, dear. A good many are cholos."

"Far more than half the people of Bolivia are Indians," said a voice behind them. The gentleman whom they had met the day before was speaking to his nieces. "Never forget," he went on, "what a wonderful country this is. It still holds untold treasures in its mines; its slopes furnish fruits and vegetables of all climes; it supplies the world with quantities of the best quinine. It also probably exports more rubber than any other country of South America except Brazil."

"How do they get quinine?" asked Josephine, the older niece. "All I know about it is that it is bitter, and mother sometimes gives it to me when I'm sick."

Her uncle laughed. "It is the white powder made from the bark of the cinchona tree," he explained. "No doubt, as we go back to the hotel, we shall meet

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

TWO LITTLE "LLAMEROS" AND THEIR CHARGES

donkeys loaded with cinchona bark. It is brought in from the country every day to be packed here for shipment."

As the two parties left the market at the same time, the little girls walked together down the narrow street.

"Uncle says La Paz is a queer looking place on Judas day," said Josephine.

"I think it's queer looking now, with the buildings painted all sorts of colors, like the women's dresses," laughed Lucy. As she spoke she pointed to a red house beside which was another of the brightest green. "But what is Judas day?" she asked curiously.

"It's the next one after Good Friday, and the people here celebrate it in a funny way. They buy effigies of Judas, and inside them is gunpowder. When lighted matches are put to them they go off like immense fire-crackers. The smallest, as well as the biggest, boy thinks he must have a Judas to burn up on that day. The town must be full of noise."

"How funny! But look there," whispered Theresa.

A sharp-faced cholo lad was running along the street with a brown llama beside him. The boy's face was held close to the llama's head, and he was calling it pet names.

"How he loves it!" said Lucy. "I would, too, if I had such a pet. I always longed for a lamb of my own, and I think llamas must know more than

lambs. That one understands what the boy says to him, I'm sure."

"Its master probably lives in a mud hut without a single window," continued Josephine; "maybe with chickens on a roost beside the mat where he sleeps—or his pet llama," she added. "Uncle says many of the Indians' homes in this country are hardly better than pig-sties. Most of the cholos live in the same way, too."

"And these very Indians," Senhor Vasco afterward reminded the children, "descended from the wise Incas who had wealth and comfort untold till Pizarro laid waste their kingdom."

CHAPTER III

PERU THE GOLDEN

AND now for the coast-land of Peru where we shall have a chance to see somewhat of the desert region of South America," said Senhor Vasco.

Our travelers were now in a train moving down the Andes and carrying them back to Arequipa.

"Beautiful Lake Titicaca above the clouds seems like a dream," said Miss Lee with half-closed eyes.

"So does the dance of those Indians we watched outdoors in the moonlight last evening," said Theresa.

"Wasn't it great!" Lucy's eyes sparkled. "With their gay ponchos swinging about their shoulders, and their painted faces shining in the pale light, they made a picture I'll never forget."

"I wish we could have visited the rich tin and silver mines near Lake Poopo," said Carlos regretfully.

"To do that we should have had to travel mule-back from La Paz for three whole days," replied his father. "For myself, I should have most liked to see the tin after being brought from the mines and melted in a hot furnace. Then, I am told, as it is separated from the earth and rocks in which it has

been bedded, it runs off in a silvery stream into brick-shaped moulds. After cooling and hardening, the bricks of tin are shipped to other lands."

"That American gentleman told me there are a good many wild Indians in Bolivia yet," said Joe. "But they live mostly near the eastern borders where white men haven't ventured much."

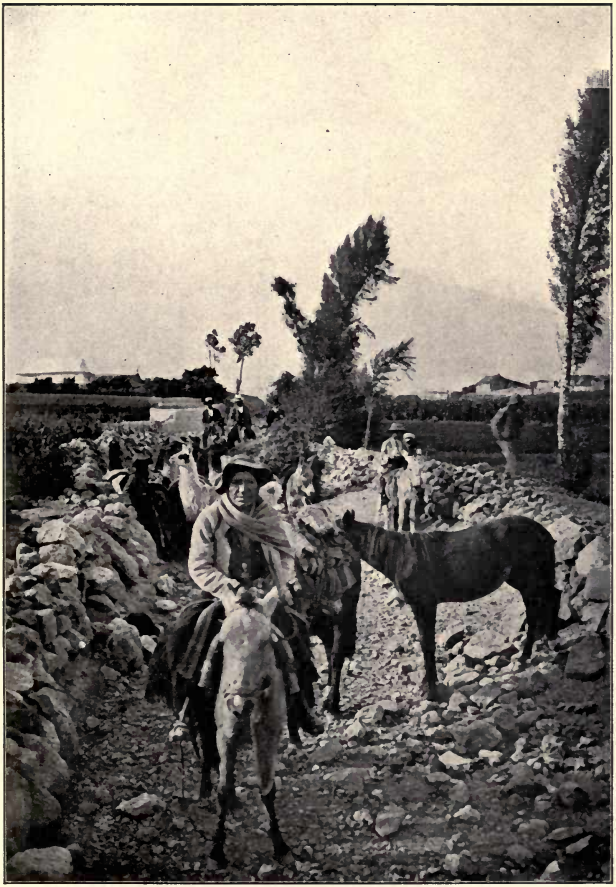
"As poorly off as the Indians are," said Senhor Vasco, "it is much better for them since the Spanish rule over Peru and Bolivia was broken. Bolivia, by the way, was once a part of Peru."

"All honor to General Bolivar!" cried Carlos with flashing eyes. "The country was well named after its brave founder."

"As we go on with our travels we shall still be reminded of him," said his father. "As George Washington was the father of your country," he continued, turning to the twins, "so Simon Bolivar brought about the independence of Peru and the countries north of it—Venezuela and Colombia—which we may possibly visit later."

There was so much to talk about on the journey to Arequipa that the time passed quickly. But when the coast was reached, the air seemed hot and stifling after the cool breezes of the upland, and every one was glad to go on board the steamer ready to sail up the coast.

"We shall have just long enough a voyage to get rested for more sightseeing," Senhor Vasco told the children. "We will land at the busy port of Callao, and then a short ride by train will take us to Lima."



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THE USUAL METHOD OF TRAVEL IN THE PERUVIAN MOUNTAINS

"And then more wonders!" said Joe gleefully.

"How much better this water trip is than if we had to travel over the desert coast-land!" said Miss Lee.

"We should see little but sand around us, and be dusty and uncomfortable all the time," was the answer. "Of course, to the eastward the foothills of the Andes would always be in sight; and on the west, the great Pacific. But there would be little variety except for two things."

At the last two words the children were "all ears."

"In the first place," Senhor Vasco went on, "I have heard that on the desert coast of Peru, hills often travel."

"Hills travel!" exclaimed Joe.

"Yes, the coast wind often sweeps the sand along in such a way that the mounds keep the same shape as they roll along—somewhat like half-moons. Some are quite small, others are as big as hills. It must be a queer sight."

"What else would interest us?" asked Theresa.

"Crossing the mountain streams that flow down through the desert to the ocean. There we would be sure to find delightful oases where towns and villages have been built, gardens filled with flowers and vegetables, and vineyards and orange orchards that furnish many a feast."

"But this is ever so nice right here," said Lucy, drawing in a deep breath of sea-air. As she spoke she put her arm around Theresa, and the two little girls started for a hop-skip around the deck.

When the travelers reached Callao, they boarded a train bound for the Peruvian capital at once.

"What a pretty ride!" cried one after another, as they moved past cotton and sugar plantations which could be seen on every hand.

"And what a nice place for a city!" they declared when they afterward reached Lima.

Senhor Vasco shook his head. "One would think so at first," he said. "It lies in a fertile valley, with the River Rimac flowing through its heart. But though scarcely any rain falls, the air is damp and heavy much of the time."

"It looks like a gay city, at any rate," said Miss Lee, when the party had taken a carriage bound for the hotel where they were to stay.

It was not odd for her to think so. The narrow streets were crowded with carriages and people. No one seemed in a hurry. Some were talking merrily together, gesticulating in Spanish fashion. Others were on their way to and from the stores. Still others were riding slowly along, enjoying the sights.

"The men dress like Americans," said Joe. "But the women look ever so funny, like sisters-of-charity, with those black cloths fastened around their heads and hanging down behind."

"How polite every one seems!" said Theresa. "They bow and smile and shake hands, and the gentlemen keep lifting their tall hats to their friends as if they were in the best nature."

"It seems good to see horses again," remarked

Joe thoughtfully. "Why were there so few up in Bolivia, Senhor Vasco?"

"Because they can't live and work at such a height, my boy. The air is too thin. I noticed that many of the mules had had their nostrils slit, so they could breathe more easily."

"What a beau-ti-ful building!" cried Lucy, shortly afterward.

"That must be the celebrated Lima cathedral," said Senhor Vasco. "To-morrow we will visit it. Among other things, it contains the skeleton of Pizarro in a glass case. It was he who made this city his capital instead of Cuzco, the beautiful city of the Incas."

"Ugh!" Theresa shuddered. "I don't want to look at the skeleton of that horrid man."

Every one laughed, forgetting Pizarro, however, the next minute as the carriage drew up in front of a handsome hotel.

As the twins declared that they were as hungry as wolves, and Carlos and Theresa nodded their heads in agreement though they knew little about wolves, no time was lost in seeking the hotel dining-room.

And then such a feast as was spread before them! There was fish served *raw* to be eaten with lemon juice. But it was good, as every one decided. Carlos and his sister afterward had stewed guinea-pig, while the others chose roasted kid, which Joe declared was so tender it melted in his mouth. There were sweet potatoes, and others of a golden yellow, so delicious that Lucy said, "I don't know when to stop eating."

There were also squash, and string beans of a kind that sometimes grow two feet long. When the dessert was served with its fruits and sweeties, the children wished they had not eaten so many other good things already.

"Aren't these guavas nice?" asked one.

"And the pomegranates and alligator pears?" said another.

So, on and on, the children ate and chatted, while Senhor Vasco and Miss Lee smiled at their delight.

Early the next morning, while it was still cool, the travelers started out to see more of the city. They visited the cathedral, as Senhor Vasco had promised. Grand as it looked, they found it was made of mud-brick, not of stone or marble as one would expect. They also visited the capitol, which stood on the opposite side of the plaza; soldiers stood on guard at all the doorways. It was a large building, but only two stories high. Many of the houses in the city were of one story only, for that matter; none had more than two.

What was the reason? Senhor Vasco did not tell the little girls, fearing they might become nervous. It was this: earthquakes were very common in this part of the country, and the city itself had been destroyed many times. It was therefore more sensible to use cheap materials, as well as to make the buildings low; yet they looked so rich that more than once the children and Miss Lee exclaimed at their beauty. They thought they must be made of granite or marble, or of painted brick.

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

A STREET IN LIMA LOOKS SOMEWHAT LIKE A NORTH AMERICAN THOROUGHFARE

They therefore laughed when the guide, a bright-eyed Spanish lad, said, "No, they are of sun-dried brick, or of mud, covering frames of bamboo poles. Even the roofs are of bamboo, with the mud filled into the cracks and covering them. Go up on one of the roofs and walk; it will shake under your feet.

"Ah! but they are pleasant—these homes," he continued. "Many are built around courts where the people sit in the evening among trees and flowering plants.

"See!" said the youth a little later on. He pointed toward the roof of a near-by house.

"Chicken-coops!" exclaimed Joe joining in the laugh. "That's the queerest place to raise chickens I ever heard of."

"I can hear a mother hen clucking to her babies," said Lucy, stopping to listen. "I wonder if those dear little things must stay up there and not have any ground to scratch in all their lives."

The guide nodded and smiled.

"Yes," he said, "and when they grow up they will lay many eggs for the people of the city. Thousands of chickens live here in this way."

As it was early in the day, the children had a chance to see the milkwomen going from house to house to sell their milk. They sat astride horses, with big cans jostling at their sides.

Bread and vegetable pedlers, often on donkeys, were also frequently met. So were the cooks of many wealthy homes, who trotted along on foot, carrying big baskets, on their way to market to buy

supplies for the tables of their mistresses. These work-people were dressed in cotton garments; the women wore large, soft hats on their heads to protect them from the sun.

"I have seen quite a number of negroes as well as people of Spanish and Indian blood here in Lima," said Miss Lee, as the party returned to the hotel. "I wonder how negroes happened to come to this part of South America."

"There were negroes up in La Paz, too," said Joe.

"They were brought here as slaves during the Spanish rule," replied Senhor Vasco. "Pizarro was to blame for it. He wasn't satisfied with Indian slaves to get the treasures of gold and silver and diamonds for him. So he had shiploads of negroes brought from Africa."

"What are we to do this afternoon, Papa?" Theresa now asked.

"Take a nap, of course, to follow the fashion of this city as well as that of our own Rio." Senhor Vasco laughed in a teasing way.

"But what then?" The little girl was pouting.

"Afterward? Oh, yes; I know what will please you all. Suppose we take a ride eastward in the direction of the silver and copper mines. We won't reach them, but we will have a chance to see the plantations that lie beyond us, where sugar and cotton are said to grow in abundance."

"Good! good!" cried the children; and Miss Lee looked as delighted as they.

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THIS PERUVIAN SILVER MINE IS A TRUE TREASURE CAVE

So, later on in the day, the party started merrily on their way. They passed fields of waving sugar cane and stretches of cotton plants among which Indian workmen, looking cool in their loose white garments, were busily at work. The comfortable houses of their masters could be seen surrounded by trees and flower-beds. They also rode through a little village where they saw groups of children of mixed Indian and Spanish blood playing lazily under the trees or swinging in hammocks.

"I wonder if they feel as hot as I do," said Lucy, fanning herself as she spoke.

Pretty soon, the road took an upward turn, and the air became cooler.

"I can see some mud huts in that big field ahead of us," said Carlos, breaking a long silence.

"They aren't much bigger than beehives," said Joe.

"Or dog-houses," added Lucy.

"Not a single one with windows or chimneys—and yet human beings like ourselves live in them," said Senhor Vasco sadly. As he spoke, he motioned toward a group of Indians in front of one of the huts. The men and women had evidently just returned from work in a near-by field. Four or five children, nearly naked, were playing hide-and-seek in and out of the hut.

As they rode on, Senhor Vasco pointed to the foothills of the Andes ahead of them. Behind the hills rose mountains beyond mountains, till the tops of the farthest were lost in the clouds. On this hot

October day, the travelers could see the snow on the distant slopes, glistening in the sunlight.

"We are moving in a line with that steep railroad over the Andes of which I have already told you," said Senhor Vasco; "one of the highest in the world."

"Yes, and you said we might feel worse if we took that ride than when we were on the way to Lake Titicaca," Lucy said with a merry laugh. "So I'm glad to go without it."

"But suppose"—her good friend's eyes twinkled —"the train went on and on, after crossing the mountains, ever eastward, till it reached the Atlantic. That would mean we should travel through Brazil and get back to Rio in a short time."

Lucy's eyes were suddenly filled with longing. The fact is, she was getting a wee bit homesick, though she would not have admitted it for the world.

"Perhaps—perhaps——" she stumbled.

"But as the railroad is *not* finished, we can't get home that way," laughed Senhor Vasco. "In the meantime, we had better turn back toward Lima to spend our last evening in the gay, rich city."

That night the children went to sleep almost as soon as their heads touched the pillows, as they were very tired after a long day's sightseeing.

Several hours afterward—it must have been midnight, for the lights of the city had gone out—the travelers were suddenly awakened. The beds in which they lay were shaking violently; as they sprang to their feet they found the floors also shak-

ing. At the same time calls could be heard in the halls outside, and the sound of people hurrying to and fro.

"Miss Lee! Miss Lee!" cried two frightened little girls outside her door. "Please, please let us in. What is the matter?"

As Miss Lee let the little girls into her room, which she had already lighted, her white face showed she also was frightened. Already, however, the shaking of the building had stopped.

"I don't know what is the trouble, my dears," she said as calmly as she could. "At any rate, we had better dress. Get your clothes and bring them in here."

Just then Senhor Vasco's voice was heard in the corridor outside. "Don't be afraid," he said. "There has been a slight earthquake, but everything is all right now. If you look out of your window you will see that the people who have run out-of-doors in fright are already going quietly homeward."

There was no more sleep that night for the little girls, however. As they lay, one on each side of Miss Lee in her big bed, they thought with longing of the dear folks in far away Rio. Lucy, especially, had an uncomfortable lump of homesickness in her throat, which she could not swallow.

CHAPTER IV

EQUATOR-LAND

THAT *was* an adventure," declared Joe, as the party settled themselves in a steamer just starting out from Callao and bound northward.

"One of that kind is enough for me," said Carlos. "It seems queer that thousands and thousands of people are contented to live in a city like Lima, where there is danger every minute. They seem so gay and careless about it, too."

Just then Lucy and Theresa came skipping along. They were a little pale from loss of sleep, but quite happy to be on the ocean once more.

"The captain has just been telling me more about the riches of Peru," said Lucy. "He says that we must not think of the rich gold and silver and copper mines alone, but of the shiploads and shiploads of guano that were sent in past years to other lands from the Chincha and Lobos Islands. You know we passed them as we sailed up the coast from Chile."

"I shouldn't like to live there," said Theresa thoughtfully. "The captain told me there isn't any grass, or anything green and pretty on a single island—just sand everywhere."

"But some people have to live there," said Senhor

Vasco, coming up behind the little girls. "They are the ones who dig up the guano and load the ships with it. They have plenty of company, however, in the millions of pelicans and gulls that choose the islands for their home. The manure of these birds and dead seals and fish cast up on the shores, make the guano that has enriched many of the farms in distant countries."

"What a commotion we could make by dashing into the midst of a big flock of pelicans as they settled down for their night's sleep!" said Joe with a laugh.

"You may be sure that mischievous boys would not be allowed to land," replied Senhor Vasco merrily.

Then, as he turned to join Miss Lee, who had taken a shady seat in the stern, the children ran off to chat with a young man with whom they had just got acquainted. They had already learned that he had been visiting friends in Lima, and was now returning to his home in Ecuador, a cacao plantation near the city of Quito.

"I think he must be Spanish," Joe told Lucy. "He doesn't look as if he had any Indian blood like so many of the people in this part of South America."

"I don't believe so either," was the reply. "I like him ever so much," she went on. "Besides, he can speak English. He said he learned it at the university in Quito."

As the twins, with Carlos and Theresa, joined their

new acquaintance, they lost no time in beginning a lively chatter.

"I am sorry you are not going to stay in our country for a while," the young Spaniard told the children. "Then you could visit us on our plantation."

"It's too bad—in some ways," said Joe, trying to be honest and yet polite at the same time. He was thinking of the great heat. Senhor Vasco had already explained that the word Ecuador means *equator* and that, in fact, the equator passes directly through it.

"But we will spend several hours at Guayaquil while the ship unloads some of its cargo," said Carlos. "We can go on shore and go about the city."

"Ah! but Guayaquil is close to the coast, only a little way up the Guayas River. It is hot and damp and unhealthful there. Even if you follow the river inland, it is still low for a long time. When the heavy rains fall, that river and others also in the coast lands overflow their banks so far that whole villages are nearly drowned. The people have to live upstairs in their homes, and go in boats from house to house."

"And do their shopping in rooms over the regular stores, I suppose. How funny!" said Lucy laughing.

"Yes, but my home near Quito is far different. Imagine yourselves going with us there in a train from Guayaquil. As we leave the coast-land behind us, we still get glimpses of villages where many of the houses are made of bamboo, and the peons, as

we call the working people, are very poor. Yet they have plenty of food. They raise rice easily in the wet fields, as well as yams and yucca. There are many banana trees to give them fruit. Besides, they get dried beef, which is cheap, and they like it much."

"Yucca, yucca?" repeated Joe questioningly.

"Why, Joe, don't you remember we had yucca for dinner at Lima?" said Lucy. "It tasted a little like potatoes, only we didn't like it as well."

"We keep on riding," said the young man, pleased that his listeners seemed glad to hear about his country, "and we pass large cacao and coffee plantations."

"Joe and I visited a cacao plantation on the bank of the Amazon," broke in Carlos.

"On we go, higher and higher now," continued the youth, "till we reach a mountain pass through which we travel. The air is cool and pleasant. When we get to the other side of the mountains we find ourselves in the high, beautiful valley that runs through our country between the ranges of the Andes. Here lies my lovely home. How glad I shall be to see it again!

"We have a large farm where wheat and barley and many vegetables grow, Oh, so fast! And we have big herds of cattle which the peons, mostly Indians, care for. And away in the east we can always see the grand mountains, some of them volcanoes, with smoke rising to mix with the clouds. Ah, it is a beautiful country!"

The young man closed his eyes in thought for a moment. Then he continued, "I attend the university at Quito. By and by, I hope to become a priest. There are many priests in the city, and many convents and churches, besides a beautiful cathedral. I love Quito. Its houses are of stone or brick covered with stucco; the red-tiled roofs make them look very pretty. Ah! and not far away is Chimborazo, one of the noblest of mountain peaks."

"Are there many Indians in Quito?" Joe now asked.

"Indeed, yes," was the answer. "Nearly three-fourths of the people in the whole country are Indians. Most of them are lazy, stupid creatures. Sometimes fierce-looking ones arrive in the city. They come from the forests in the east and they bring the skins of wild animals to sell. These hunters are almost wild themselves."

Time flew so fast with their new acquaintance that the children were surprised when they found themselves entering the harbor of Guayaquil.

"Our ship will stop only a few hours at this port," the captain had told Senhor Vasco.

"Then, as it is so hot, I would rather remain on board," said Miss Lee.

"But we can go ashore for a little while, can't we?" asked Carlos anxiously.

"So we can say afterward that we really *visited* Ecuador," added Joe.

"Yes, we will go, but I think you will be satisfied to come back to the ship in a very short time." As

Senhor Vasco spoke, he wiped off the perspiration that was streaming down his face.

By this time the ship had come to a standstill and the air was hot and heavy.

"I don't believe the people here need furnaces in their houses," said Lucy, laughing, as she seated herself in a small boat which was to take the party to the landing.

"Nor many clothes," said Joe. He had already noticed that the boatman was naked from the waist up.

When the party reached the shore, they found Lucy's guess was a good one. There was not a chimney in sight. Moreover, many a house had no windows; these would be useless, because, if they were closed, they would shut out the air. So, instead, there were holes here and there in the walls, through which light as well as air could enter.

"What did I tell you?" said Joe, pointing to the half-naked, dark-skinned children playing in the streets.

"Ugh! it isn't nice here a bit!" pouted Lucy in disgust. "It doesn't smell nice either." She pointed to a pile of rotting fruit near a stand where a woman was selling pineapples and bananas; she had probably been sorting them over, and thrown the bad ones into the street.

"Such things as that make the city a sickly one," said Senhor Vasco. "However, we will take a short ride to get a few of the sights of this place, since it

is an important port on this coast of South America. Then we will be glad enough to join Miss Lee."

A carriage was quickly hailed. As the children rode along, they passed store after store where the wares were spread out on counters open to the street, and they could see the gay colors and odd patterns of the goods. At night, however, the store fronts would be closed in.

"The women here wear black dresses, and have black shawls over their shoulders like those we noticed in Peru," remarked Lucy.

"But not the Indian women," Theresa replied quickly. "They wear the gayest colors, and their big straw hats are sensible, I think, as they shade their faces from the sunlight."

"I pity those poor men," broke in Carlos. "See what heavy loads they carry on their backs."

Just then Joe burst out laughing. "That is something new," he said, as soon as he was able to speak. He had discovered two donkeys laden with panniers filled with vegetables. The animals' legs were covered with trousers!

"Good reason for it!" said Senhor Vasco, "as well as for their cotton waist-bands. The poor beasties are thus protected against the swarms of flies and gnats that hover about them. I don't enjoy them myself, to say the least."

Brushing away the troublesome insects that had already almost destroyed his patience, Senhor Vasco gave directions to the driver to hurry back to the wharf. A half-hour later the party reached the

steamer to find Miss Lee looking comfortable and dainty in a fresh white dress, sitting under an awning and sipping lemonade.

When she had heard the account of the visit on shore, she said with a smile, "I did a little sightseeing myself while you were away. I went below decks to see the cows and sheep that furnish us passengers with fresh meat. One poor little lamb bleated so pitifully, I was sorry for it. No doubt it had just lost its mother. After that I spent some time watching the chickens and geese in their coops. They kept sticking their heads out through the slats as if they would like to join me, while one big rooster crowed lustily."

"Maybe we will have him for dinner to-morrow," said Joe. "Poor old fellow, I'm sorry for him, but just now I feel hungry enough for——"

"—the good dinner the bell is now ringing for," said Senhor Vasco, finishing the sentence with a laugh.

Late that afternoon, as the travelers steamed away from the shores of Ecuador, they agreed that, in remembering it afterward, they would not hold fast the picture of hot, low Guayaquil, but rather of the rich valleys among the mountains where their recent acquaintance had his home.

CHAPTER V

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

I'VE sailed this ocean many a long year," the captain told our travelers as they steamed across the equator and still northward over the deep blue waters of the Pacific. "But I don't believe," he added with a cheery laugh, "I ever carried twins before. Seems as if I ought to celebrate some way or other."

"I know what—tell us a story," suggested Joe. "That is, if you can spare the time."

The old man's face lighted up. "A story?" he asked. "What about?"

"About Colombia, the country we are bound for now," said Joe promptly. "We aren't going to stop there. Senhor Vasco says it's too hot and we haven't time. So we want to know all about it we can. Did you ever travel through the country?"

"Bless you, child, I was born there. It's a beautiful country, too, with the Andes split up into three ranges, and the lovely valleys between. In those rich valleys, you can find coffee plantations, and wide stretches of sugar cane and tobacco, and cacao orchards without number. And fruit! Why, my lad, I feasted on good things all my life till I ran off to

sea. Such oranges as I used to pick! Sweet and juicy! Yum, yum!" The old man smacked his lips at thought of his boyhood days.

"And the mountains!" he continued. "Gold in plenty there still, after centuries of mining! Diamonds mixed with the gold in some places! Why, my dear children, men in Colombia from all parts of the world are busy in our mines. Yet few people I've met on the seas have half an idea of what a grand republic Colombia is. We have to thank the brave Bolivar that it is free," he added half to himself.

Then he went on: "We are bound now, as you know, for Buenaventura. There I will take on a cargo of cacao. There isn't much for you to see at the port where we shall stop—plenty of palms and bamboos, of course, because we shall still be in the tropics, and Indians paddling about in the harbor. But if we had time, I'd like to take you little folks up to my old home in the Cauca valley. It's one of the healthiest spots in the world. We'd climb over the coast range on mules, unless you preferred to make the first part of the journey on the narrow-gage railroad. Higher and higher we'd go, till all at once we'd see a picture you would never forget—the valley I love so well, spread out on either side the banks of the Cauca River. There you would look upon coffee plantations and cacao orchards at their best. So fresh and lovely the air is up there, you would never think of being in the tropics at all."

With the last words, the captain suddenly jumped

up. So did the children who fled in haste to the cabin. In their interest in the story, they had not noticed that the sky had clouded over. Now, without warning as it seemed, rain was falling in a perfect deluge—sheets of it—striking the deck and rolling along the floor in big streams.

By this time, however, our travelers had become used to such surprises—"gushers" as the captain called these sudden down-pourings. So they laughed and frolicked inside till the sun shone out once more. Then they sought the captain, begging him to "please tell a little bit more about Colombia."

The good-natured old man needed no urging, and as soon as he could leave his office, he joined them in a cosy corner of the deck.

"Well, well, where was I?" he began. "Oh, yes, I have it—we were visiting the Cauca valley, where you found the folks so kind and helpful. So there are good reasons for the people of foreign countries liking them. Maybe you thought it queer, too, when they were nearly all Indians, or else of the mixed Indian and Spanish blood.

"But now we'll leave the valley and visit Bogotá, the first city I ever saw, one of the highest in the world and the capital of my country.

"First then, we'll take a boat and sail down the Cauca River, day after day, till we reach the big Magdalena River. We keep on sailing till we come to Honda, a small town on the Magdalena.

"And now we leave the boat and ride on the backs of mules for two whole days. You get pretty tired,

for the way is steep and rocky; but when the city comes into sight with its lovely park, and its street-cars to whisk you about, and its soldiers drilling at early morning, you are glad you are here.

"Besides, in the good air, you are soon refreshed after your long journey. You enjoy visiting the shops, and watching the children with their black-gowned mothers buying goods that have been brought here from distant countries. The houses, too, built Spanish fashion, around courtyards, interest you.

"But if you are like me, you enjoy, best of all, the beautiful waterfall not far from the city, where the river leaps over a precipice that is four hundred and seventy-five feet high. This waterfall was held sacred by the Indians of the long ago. They believed that a wonderful woman, the mother of all human beings, made this waterfall by a stroke of her magic wand. She did it to carry off the water when her people were in danger from a deluge.

"Where had this beautiful woman come from, you may ask. 'From a place of light,' the red man would have told you, when all the rest of the world was in darkness. The thunder rolled and lightning flashed as she appeared, bearing in her arms a little boy who was to grow up and become her husband."

As the captain looked down into the bright faces of the children, his own grew sad. "I am thinking," he said, "about the time when the Spaniards first appeared in the country bringing slavery or death to most of the poor Chibchas, as the chief

tribe of Indians they found here was called. Poor creatures! Even their temples were destroyed.

"I must not forget to tell you," he went on, "that from Honda you can sail northward on and on through the Magdalena River till you reach its mouth. Then behold! the Caribbean Sea would lie before your eyes. I had that ride once. How I enjoyed it! Nobody could help doing so, because the river flows through such a beautiful country. And what, I'd like to know, would Colombia do without it? Why, a big share of the products raised there are carried on it up to the northern coast, to be sent from there to other lands.

"Some of these products I haven't mentioned yet —vegetable ivory, for instance, and bananas. Then, too, there are the famous 'Panama' hats that sell in the United States like 'hot cakes,' as you North Americans would say." The old man looked smilingly at the twins as he spoke.

"Vegetable ivory?" repeated Carlos thoughtfully. "Oh, yes; I've heard of it. Father once told me that his chess men were made of vegetable ivory. But I didn't think to ask him what it comes from. Please tell us about it."

"It comes from a certain kind of palm-tree that grows freely in Colombia; in Peru, too, for that matter," replied the captain. "The fruit of the tree is as big as a man's head, and is filled with three-sided nuts about the size of hens' eggs. The kernels are white and hard like the ivory of elephants' tusks, so

they can be used in making buttons and all sorts of trinkets."

"And now will you tell us what your people use in making 'Panama' hats?" asked Lucy. "I've had several of them; they are so light and pretty, I like them ever so much."

"All of you say *jipi japa,*" was the answer.

The children laughingly repeated the word.

"That's it. I thought maybe it would be hard for you to pronounce it, and I don't want you to forget. Well, then, listen. In my country there grows a screw-pine tree we call the jipi japa; its leaves are picked before they are fully opened, after which the soft parts are removed. The fiber that is left is soaked till it is pliable. Then it is woven into what you have probably called 'Panama straw.' The best hats are made from single leaves. But there! I can't stop another minute. Look ahead of you!"

With these words the captain hurried away, as the ship was fast nearing port.

"That trip on the Magdalena must be pleasant," Carlos said to the other children. "But just now it would be a hot one. I'm glad, for one, that we are going to keep to this good ship and go around the corner of South America by way of the Bridge of Water."

"So say we all of us!" cried Joe.

CHAPTER VI

THE BRIDGE OF WATER

I'M glad we didn't have a long stop. It's so much cooler when we keep sailing," said Lucy, as the ship speeded away from Buenaventura.

"So am I," agreed Theresa; "and there really wasn't much to see there—just palms and bamboos, with glimpses of thatched huts and red-tiled houses under the trees."

"We've seen so many of them at other places where we've stopped, they didn't give us anything new to think about," said Miss Lee. "So I am as glad as you that we are on our way to something very, very different."

"Hurrah for the Bridge of Water!" shouted Joe. "And hurrah again for our own glorious United States that built it!"

"It's all right to feel as you do, Joe," said Carlos. "You have a right to be proud. I want to see it as much as you do."

All of them, in fact, were now getting impatient to have the experience of passing through the wonderful canal. So when at last the city of Panama came into sight, Senhor Vasco and Miss Lee were almost as excited as the children.

"Panama the Golden!" cried one after another, thinking of the city as it stood in the long ago when first built by the Spaniards. It must have been very beautiful then with its grand churches, its palaces of stone, and its avenues and palm-trees.

"On the summit of a near-by mountain," said Senhor Vasco, "Balboa first looked upon the Pacific. He had already sailed across the Atlantic; and now, when he discovered that only a narrow neck of land divided it from another vast ocean, he was overjoyed.

"He did not live to see all the dreams of that day carried out. But, before he died, he sailed on the Pacific in a ship whose parts had been carried over the isthmus and put together on the other side.

"After him came other Spaniards, who built a road from one side to the other. Then, without need of a long and dangerous voyage around Cape Horn, they could reach Peru, where treasures of gold and silver had been discovered. Little did these Spaniards dream of the canal that was yet to be."

As the ship made her way past the breakwater that stretched for three miles out into the Bay of Panama, our travelers took note of the forts protecting the entrance into the canal; but they did not actually enter it till they reached Balboa.

"Balboa must be a busy place," remarked Senhor Vasco, as he looked at the machine shops, wharves, and warehouses. "It cost twenty million dollars to fit it up. But then, everything that ships may need must be on hand for them here."

"And now for a great adventure!" said Joe, drawing a long breath. As he spoke, the ship was already entering the first of three water stairways, or locks.

Slowly the gates had opened; when the ship had passed through, the throbbing of her engine stopped. There was no work for her now; this would all be done by four electric locomotives on the guide wall of the canal. They were already being attached to the ship's side.

"What sport!" cried Joe. "It seems as if we were in a big, big tank."

Senhor Vasco nodded. "Watch!" he said.

The ship was being slowly lifted higher and higher by the inrush of water flowing into the lock.

"This is like what used to happen to one of my play boats at home when I sailed it in the bathtub and kept letting in more water," said Joe.

But the others were too busy watching to talk.

When the ship had risen to the level of the next lock, its gates opened as the first ones had done. It was carried through in the same way as before, till the third lock was reached and the process was again repeated.

Then, getting up steam once more, the ship sailed into the deep channel now called Gaillard Cut—so long known as Culebra Cut.

As it moved on, Senhor Vasco told of the time and work and cost of this wonderful channel.

"Nine miles long," he said, "with a curve at every mile; and every inch of the way it has been cut out of solid rock!"

Courtesy of Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

CULEBRA CUT AT PANAMA—NINE MILES LONG—WITH A CURVE IN EVERY MILE

"I guess a good pile of dynamite was exploded before it was finished," said Joe.

Every one laughed.

"A good guess, Joe," said the Senhor. "Almost thirty thousand tons were used."

"What comes next?" asked Miss Lee after a while.

"We shall soon enter Gatun Lake, which was made by damming up the Chagres River. This, too, was a great undertaking. Look! we are about to enter it now. We shall have a pleasant ride through it for twenty-four miles."

"It seems like any other big lovely lake," said Theresa, as they sailed along. "It is hard to believe that it has been made by damming up a river."

"I'd like to stop off and explore this country, after paying a visit to the people whom the United States hires to stay on the borders to take care of it," said Carlos thoughtfully.

"You would find iguanas and parrots enough in the forests to make you think of the Amazon," said a voice behind his shoulder; "to say nothing of alligators in the muddy streams, and rice fields and banana groves." The captain had come up unawares and caught the lad's words.

"Get ready for some more stairs," said the good-natured man, as he hurried away.

The ship was already nearing the end of the lake, and would soon make its way down through three locks built like those it had first entered.

"I was so excited at the beginning," said Joe as

the gates opened, "I hardly noticed that the locks are in pairs, and another ship was going through the ones alongside of ours, back to the Pacific."

"Three sets of twins, like you and Lucy," suggested Miss Lee. "Only these are of water, while you are of very lively flesh and blood." The young girl pinched Joe's cheek mischievously as she spoke.

"Sunset!" exclaimed Lucy. "How fast the time has gone since we entered the canal!"

"The captain told me the passage would take about ten hours," said Senhor Vasco. "The time is almost up; and ahead of us, if I am not mistaken, is the city of Colon."

CHAPTER VII

THE BEST SURPRISE OF ALL

I'M glad we went ashore at Colon," said Lucy. "It's so different from any other place we have visited."

"I should say so, with its Chinamen and negroes, as well as Indians and Colombians and Americans," said Joe.

"And its streets shaded by cocoa palms," added Carlos. "I shouldn't care to be hit by a big cocoanut when out taking a walk through the town."

"Nor I," said Lucy. "But come, let's go and get acquainted with that girl and her brother who boarded the boat at Colon. They look real nice, and I think they are English. I can see them up in the bow."

A half-hour later the children from Rio and the two young strangers were talking as freely together as if they had known each other for years.

"When we get to the island of Trinidad," Joe told his new acquaintances, "we have to say good-by to this ship, as it is bound for New York. We are going back to Rio, so we have to take another steamer there."

"Can't you stay a while and visit us? Our home

is in Trinidad," said the English lad, who had introduced himself as Arthur Gregory.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid not," Joe answered. "We would also like to go over to the mainland, and see a little of Venezuela, but Senhor Vasco hasn't decided about it yet."

"Oh, you *must* go there," said Marian, Arthur's sister. "It's a big and very important country. My brother and I have traveled all over it, and sailed for miles and miles on the Orinoco. That's one of the three big rivers of South America, you know; but the water isn't a bit pretty—it's yellow and thick with mud. On each side are broad meadows—everybody calls them llanos—and millions of cattle feed there."

"The Orinoco looks very different from the Amazon, then," said Carlos. "The banks of the Amazon are lined a good deal of the way with forests."

"I remember what the captain of the Amazon steamer told us," said Joe. "It was this: if we should sail up as far as the Rio Negro, and then from there into another stream called the Cassiquiare, we could reach the Orinoco. I'd like to take such a trip in a canoe."

"After that you might explore almost all Venezuela with your canoe," said Marian. "There are about a thousand streams in the country."

"I've never visited the city of Venice, but I've seen pictures of it," said Arthur, "so I think the Spanish explorers hit on a good name for Venezuela, for the word means *Little Venice*. It came about in

this way: they sailed from the bay outside into Lake Maracaibo, and found the natives living in houses built over the water just as the people do in Venice."

"But don't think of Venezuela as nothing but plains with cattle feeding on them," said Marian. "There are also mountains in which many of the streams rise, and lovely valleys with plantations of cotton and coffee and tobacco. Yes, and along the coast my brother and I have visited beautiful cacao orchards that furnish some of the best chocolate in the world."

"I wish you Rio children could take the trip to Caracas, at any rate," said Arthur later on. The twins had been describing the sights of New York, and Carlos and his sister had told of their beautiful home in Rio.

"Of course, it isn't a wonderful city," Arthur went on, "but it is a pretty one and the air is fine. It is in a beautiful valley, six miles back from the coast and over a half mile above the sea. Mountains stand guard around it. The houses are painted all sorts of bright colors. It has a university, and electric lights and street-cars and cement sidewalks, and lovely trees and gardens——"

"And statues of two of the greatest heroes in the world," broke in Marian.

"Which ones?" asked Joe eagerly.

"What should they be but those of George Washington and Simon Bolivar?" demanded Arthur.

"Of course," said Joe, quite satisfied. Then he

continued, "And Bolivar helped Venezuela as well as other countries I've heard about."

"Yes, he started the movement that brought freedom from Spanish rule; so he is held in greatest honor by the people. Next in their hearts comes Washington. I must tell you," the English lad went on, looking at Joe and Lucy, "how much they admire your country. Father says the United States has no better friend in the world."

The twins smiled with delight at this praise of their native land.

"I'd like to visit Caracas," said Theresa. "But most of all, I wish I could see the immense water-lilies that, I have read, grow in some of the lakes in the country. The biggest of them weigh more than three pounds. The petals are milky-white outside, and rose-colored inside, while the centers are deep violet."

"I have always wanted to see the strange fish that frightened Bolivar," said Arthur with a laugh. "But I never did. The story goes that when one of them jumped into the boat when he was paddling down a stream in the wilderness, he said to his companions: 'Let us turn back. Even the fish in this country are savage.' "

"If he said that, he had probably met some savage Indians," said Carlos.

"Of course; and there are savage ones in some parts of the country still," replied Arthur. "But not as many," he went on, "as in the neighboring Guianas."

"Guiana is one more place I wish we could visit, and the last one," said Joe. "Then I'd feel as if I knew South America pretty well."

"You might not care to go far from the coast, after you had met some of the wild Indians and negroes of the inland country."

"Wild *negroes* there!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Yes, and they live in almost as savage a way as the Indians. Their grandparents were probably runaway slaves brought here a long time ago for the English and Dutch settlers. Guiana isn't a republic; it is split up into three provinces. Great Britain owns one, Holland another, and France the third.

"I've been over to Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. It doesn't look a bit Spanish, like the towns of Venezuela. The buildings are higher, and many of them are built up on piles, because the water flows into the streets during the rainy season.

"There are good stores and pretty gardens there, and sugar plantations nearby. But the people! They have come there from all parts of the world—Chinese and Hindus, English and Portuguese, civilized Indians and negroes. And they dress in so many queer ways—the Chinamen with their long queues, the Hindus in their turbans, the negroes in gay colors and loads of jewelry! Oh, it is great sport to watch them."

"When I was five years old, I went to the capital of Dutch Guiana with Father," said Marian, who had been watching for a chance to tell more of her own experiences. "It is a queer little town. The

people speak Dutch, and the houses *look* Dutch, so it is different as can be from any other place in South America. Even the ship that took us there belonged to Holland, and the captain was a jolly, round-faced little Dutchman."

"We both took a trip to Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana," said Arthur. "It stands on an island close to the mainland. Many of the people there are French. Negroes do most of the hard work in the gold mines of the country."

'What are the principal products of British and Dutch Guiana?" asked Joe.

"Sugar and rice. Nearly all the country is low and damp and hot. I wouldn't care to live there. Yet sugar cane grows so well that there are several crops a year. But look! That must be Trinidad showing up ahead of us. How short the trip has seemed with you to talk to!"

Before the Rio children could answer, Arthur and his sister went hurrying off to join their father.

"What nice friends we have made since we left home!" said Theresa. "I'm sorry they don't live in Rio—every one of them."

"So am I," said Joe, "but see here!" The boy spoke in a deep mysterious voice. "I've been wanting to tell you something all the morning. Senhor Vasco and Miss Lee have been acting as though they had a secret. Twice I've come upon them when they were talking in low tones, and they broke off suddenly as soon as I drew near. They smiled each time, as if they knew something pretty good."

"Perhaps it's about a trip to Caracas," suggested Carlos. "You know Father wouldn't say outright whether we are to go there or not."

"At any rate, we must get ready to land. We are in the harbor already. Hurry! hurry!" cried Joe excitedly. "There's Miss Lee now. She's beckoning to us to get ready."

The children dashed away to their staterooms. A few minutes afterward they were standing on the side of the ship toward shore, watching for the gang-plank to be put out. Senhor Vasco, and Miss Lee, whose face was unusually flushed, were beside them. Suddenly, these two, to the children's surprise, began to wave their handkerchiefs. Whom could they know on this island so far from home?

Whom indeed? Did they see—or were the twins dreaming—the faces of their father and mother among the strangers gathered on the wharves?

"Mummie! Daddie!" shouted Joe. Lucy, who was too delighted for words, squeezed Theresa's hand so tightly that the little girl cried out in the midst of a happy laugh.

What a joyous meeting that was, as soon as the gang-plank was safely fastened, and Joe and Lucy rushed over into their parents' loving arms!

"I found I just *couldn't* wait for you to get back to Rio," said Mrs. Grayson, hugging first one, then the other, of the twins; "and so—and so—your father said it would do us both good to take an ocean trip up to Trinidad to meet you."

"Senhor Vasco, you must have known about it!"

cried Joe, turning to his good friend, whose face was aglow with pleasure.

"Ever since we reached Colombia," was the smiling answer. "That was why we made haste to get on to Trinidad. It would never have done to keep your father and mother waiting."

"But it was hard work to hold the secret so long," said Miss Lee.

"How glad I am that we are all together again!" Lucy sighed with delight as she looked first into her parents' happy faces, then at her brother and the good friends about her.

"This last one is the best adventure of all," declared Joe with great seriousness.

And at his words all joined in a merry laugh.

THE END

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